

\$ 22,000,000 in PRIZES

February 11

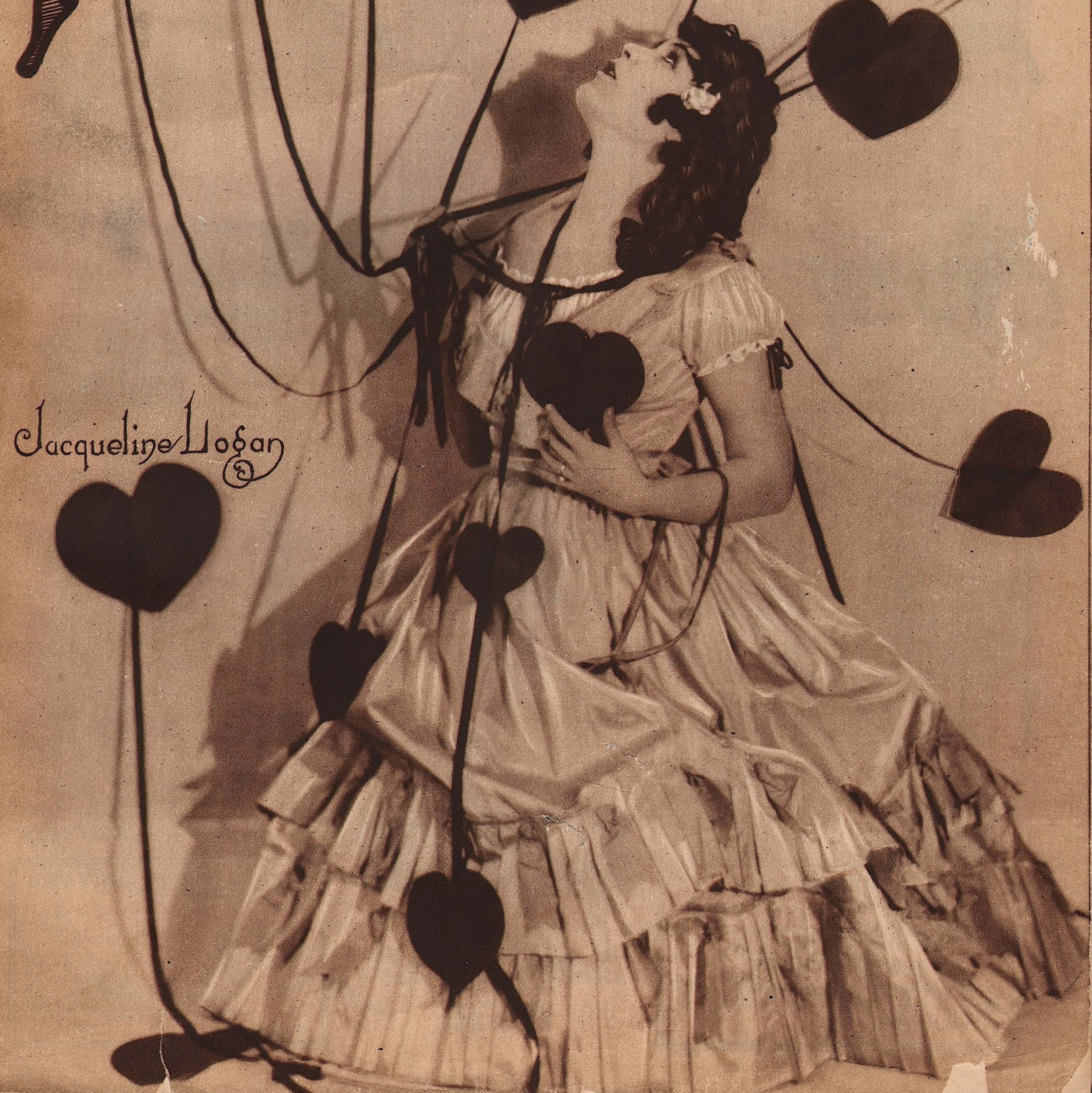
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Weekly

# Pantomime

MOVIE TOPICS

Jacqueline Logan



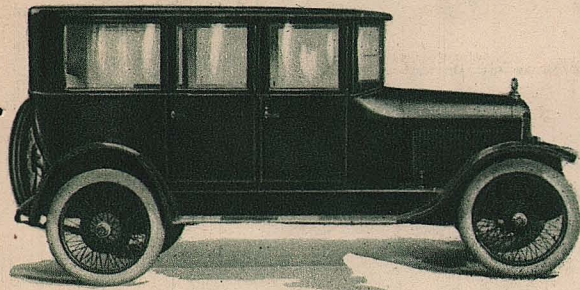


# \$22,000 in Prizes—for 100 Readers

## of

## PANTOMIME

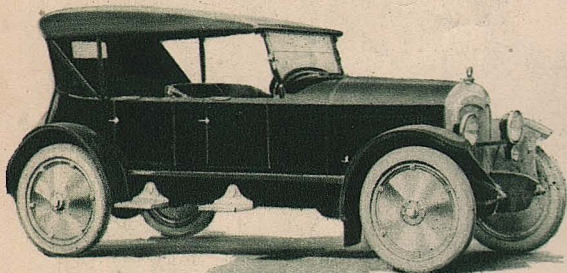
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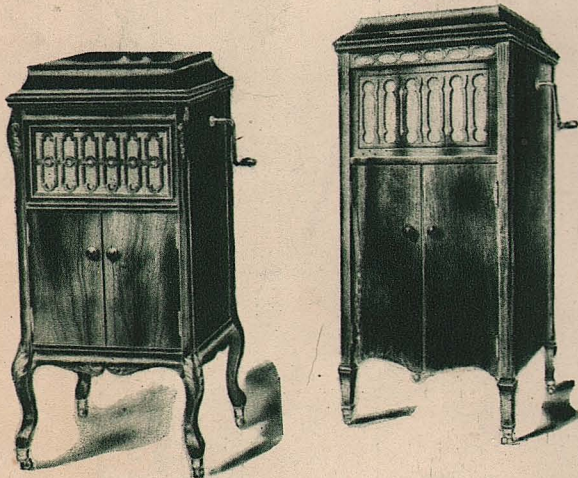
**1st PRIZE**  
Elk-Hart Sedan S-67—\$2395.00  
(Seven-Passenger Six-Cylinder Type)



**2nd PRIZE**  
Elk-Hart Special Sport S-64-B—\$1845.00  
(Four-Passenger Six-Cylinder Type)

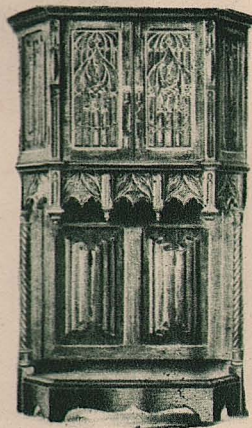


**3rd PRIZE**  
Elk-Hart Special Sport L-54-B—\$1595.00  
(Four-Passenger Four-Cylinder Type)



**21st TO 30th PRIZES**  
Ten \$175.00 Pathe Mahogany Model 16—\$1750.00

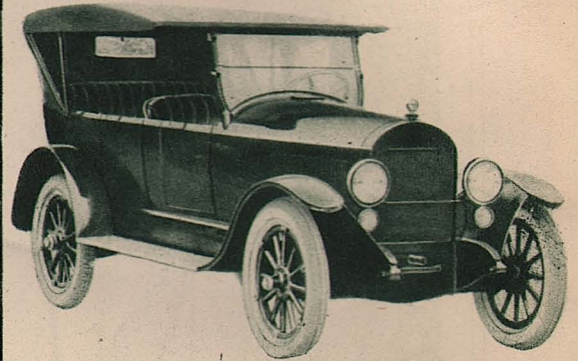
**31st TO 40th PRIZES**  
Ten \$150.00 Pathe Fumed Oak Model 12—\$1500.00



**7th TO 10th PRIZES**  
Four \$425.00 Pathe Gothic Actuelle \$1700.00



**4th PRIZE**  
Elk-Hart Touring Car S-65—\$1545.00  
(Five-Passenger Six-Cylinder Type)



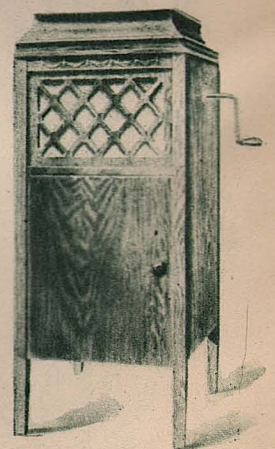
**5th PRIZE**  
Elk-Hart Touring Car L-55—\$1295.00  
(Five-Passenger Four-Cylinder Type)



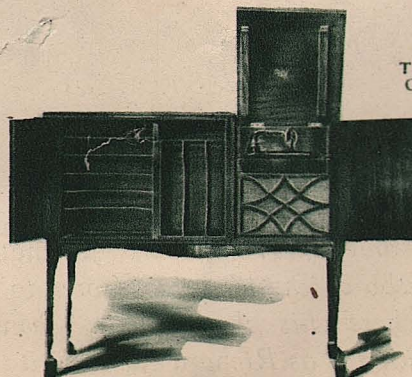
**6th PRIZE**  
Elk-Hart Touring Car L-55—\$1295.00  
(Five-Passenger Four-Cylinder Type)



**41st TO 50th PRIZES**  
Ten \$125.00 Pathe Fumed Oak Model 10—\$1250.00



**51st TO 100th PRIZES**  
Fifty \$85.00 Pathe Fumed Oak Model 7—\$4250.00



**11th TO 20th PRIZES**  
Ten \$175.00 Pathe Mahogany Modified Sheraton—\$1750.00

### HOW TO GET THEM

The First Prize will be given to the person with the largest number of votes; the Second Prize to the person having the next largest number of votes, and so on. In case of ties, the full prize offered will be given each person so tying.

### HOW TO START

Send in Reader's Coupons. Each is good for thirty votes. Then get a friend to subscribe to PANTOMIME for one whole year. It costs \$5.00. That gives you 3,000 votes more. And so on.

### A BUSHEL OF GOLD

To every person in the race who sends in subscriptions totalling \$30.00 from January 7 to April 4, 1922—PANTOMIME will give a

### \$5.00 GOLD PIECE

You may send in your orders one at a time. Or all at one time. But they must be in the mail at midnight, April 4, 1922.

### READER'S COUPON 30 Votes

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Volume 2  
\$5.00 a Year

# Pantomime

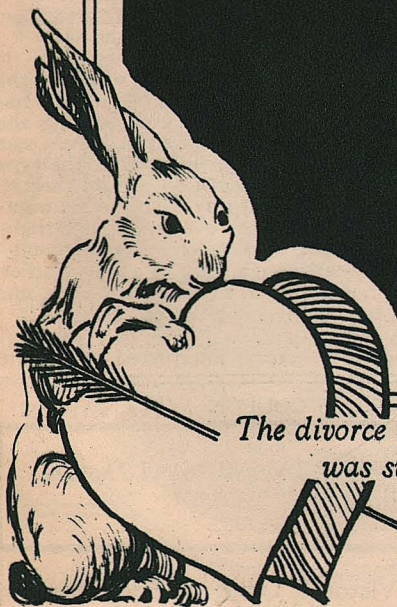
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The divorce lawyers—and some movie stars, for matter o' that—may tell you that if there ever was such a person as Cupid, he got frozen to death years ago. But it isn't true—because here's his photograph. When Cupid is dressed up, he's known as Richard (he calls it "Itchie") Headrick.



# So I Said to the Press Agent

By Vic and Walt

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—Each week on this page, the editor and his chief assistant will chat on this and that, principally that. They intend to express their honest convictions (never too seriously) and do not ask you to agree with them. Nor do they ask you, particularly, to disagree with them. Use your own judgment. There will be some "knocks," a few "boosts" and a general attempt at fairness all around.

A COUPLE of weeks ago there appeared in PANTOMIME what we thought was a real nice little story about Cecil M. Hepworth, the last word in Directors over in that dear England.

Walt wrote it. He had just come from an afternoon with the Britisher, up in one of the young palaces which blasé Broadway calls hotels. He'd gone up to interview Alma Taylor, Hepworth's pet star, who had come to America with him. They had several hours of tea and things, and he came back, very enthusiastic, and proceeded to write about Hepworth instead.

Walt was in a glowing mood that afternoon. (Probably the tea!)

At any rate, he felt in a kindly mood toward all the world—even a dyed-in-the-wool Britisher. (Ordinarily Walt is one and three-fourths percent American, and the rest Bolshevik.)

So, being in this strangely kind mood, Walt wrote nothing but nice things. He admitted it. He called my attention to one descriptive phrase which he considered especially happy. He referred to Hepworth as the Zukor-Griffith of England.

We agreed, among all two of us, that Mr. Hepworth would be pleased. Why not?

So, yesterday, I called on Mr. Hepworth, to bid him farewell—he sailed back to England today—in a buoyant frame of mind. I sent up my name to his suite, with all the beaming confidence of a cub reporter going to ask a society matron if it is true that she is going to divorce her husband, and why. Mr. Hepworth, I figured, should be glad to see me. Oh, very glad. Because, hadn't we run that nice story about him?

If Mr. Hepworth was unduly elated over my call, he kept the fact carefully secret. He shook hands with me, 'tis true. But immediately thereafter he shook something else at me, too—to wit, one large, well-manicured fist.

Even his Press Agent—who happened to be with him—scowled at me. And this was terrible. For press agents are never, never supposed to do anything but smile. Especially at Editors.

I was considerably taken aback, but I decided I'd die before I'd weaken. So I asked the whys and wherefores.

"Why," ejaculated Mr. Hepworth, "you ask me this after calling me a 'Zukor-Griffith'!" I managed to let it be known, in my humblest way, that I considered the phrase a compliment. I beseeched him to tell me how he figured it otherwise.

"Well," quoth Sir Cecil, "I can best illustrate it with a story. A true story!"

"It happened while I was crossing over—on the boat, you know.

"I made a ship-board acquaintance—a really delightful chap.

"About the third day out, when we had grown rather chummy, I asked him his nationality. It had puzzled me from the start."

"Why," he told me, "I am a Scotch Jew."

"For a moment the information staggered me. Then I recovered.

"No such thing," I told him. "Impossible; there ain't no such animal."

"My friend insisted. So did I. Finally he almost lost his temper.

"Why is it impossible to be a Scotch Jew?" he demanded.

"Because," I explained to him, "a Jew always gathers in every penny in sight, and a Scotchman never spends a cent. If there were any such thing as a Scotch Jew it would be only about three months before there wouldn't be any money in circulation at all."

Sir Cecil stroked his chin and smiled.

"That's the way I feel about a Zukor-Griffith combination," he told me.

"If any such a man were possible, there wouldn't be any other directors."

Who said an Englishman did not know how to turn a neat compliment?

\* \* \*

AFTER many years of attempting to cram the star system down the public throat, the motion picture producers are just beginning to realize what everybody else with a grain of sense has known right along, and that is, that Shakespeare knew just what he was talking about when he said "the play's the thing."

We are moved to this thought by the recent tremendous successes of pictures, many of them of simple themes, which have depended on the story to "carry" the picture, and not on the glamorous names of stars. The latest of these pictures to make a sensational exhibition record is "Ten Nights in a Barroom." It has no star. No expensive copyrighted play was bought before production was started. It is not a lavish production, in the sense of a Cecil B. DeMille picture. It is just a simple story.

But, judging from its first showings, the public wants this type of picture. It wants it, and proves it by paying to see it.

This opens up a tremendous subject. We are chiefly concerned with one phase of it: What is the producer to do about it?

Apparently, he won't do a great deal; at least, not right away.

He is not prepared to do it. It is not easy to scrap, suddenly, the massive machinery which has been built up in producing the "program" pictures, the star pictures, the pictures of the type

you see four out of every five times you enter a motion picture theatre. Stars and star pictures are well enough in their way. The public wants a certain amount of them. But it is very easy to overdo any one thing.

The DeMilles, you must have noticed, have been coming 'round lately. No more does either Cecil or William subjugate a story to a star. Rather, they choose several well known men and women to head their casts, and then make them fit the story, instead of reversing the order.

Shakespeare said it: "The play's the thing."

And that means an honest-to-goodness story, interpreted by a competent cast, star or no star.

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Our duty is sacred—for Pantomime, the mother of the Moving Picture, determines the future—determines it be-

cause Visualization is the mother of Thought. And Thought controls the destiny of the nation.



# How They Play



Bebe Daniels, on the right, is appropriately known as the "speed girl." Heretofore it has been thought that her speed was confined, mainly to pictures and automobiles. But here's proof 'tain't so. Bebe is certainly showing a lot of rare speed in this Christmas card setting, photographed in the Sierras.

Anita Stewart, on the left, knows how to keep in condition so she can keep on being dangerous in the beauty market. She hikes, she does. And she's a mighty decorative hiker, as she goes swinging along over the paths of the Southern California foot hills.

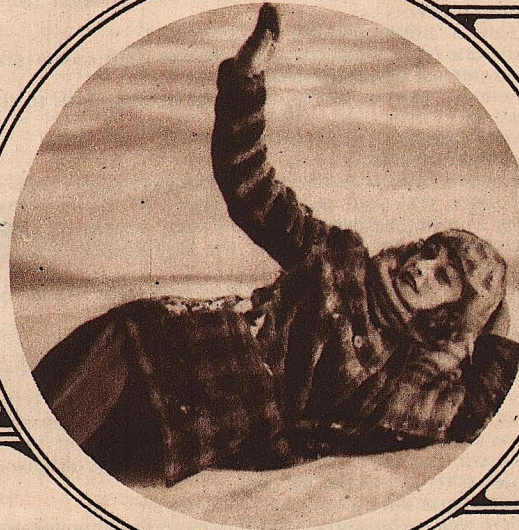


Ernest Truex, the comedy star, who has quit making pictures for the time being for a big season on Broadway, likes dude-shirny—sometimes called golf. He has a great big home at Great Neck, Long Island, right near the links. Also, from this picture, it looks like Ernest cheats a little about scores.



When she's "dressed up," Teddie Gerard, soon to be seen as the star of a new picture, looks quite too fragile for this sort of thing. But, that's all wrong, Eustace, all wrong. The fair-haired Teddie just loves to play in the snow. She don't even mind a spill.

This must be a pretty tiresome lesson that T. Roy Barnes is giving Wanda Hawley. Note the caddies. They're actually asleep! And Frank Leigh, back of Wanda, is nodding too! As a golfer, Wanda is a nifty wearer of sport clothes.





## THE CALL OF HOME

An R-C Picture

Cast

|                     |                  |
|---------------------|------------------|
| Alan Wayne.....     | Leon Bary        |
| Alix Lansing.....   | Irene Rich       |
| Gerry Lansing.....  | Ramsey Wallace   |
| Gerry's mother..... | Margaret Mann    |
| Clem.....           | Jobyna Ralston   |
| Nancy Wayne.....    | Genevieve Blinn  |
| Captain Wayne.....  | Wadsworth Harris |
| Butler.....         | James O. Barrows |
| Kemp.....           | Carl Stockdale   |
| Lieber.....         | Emmet King       |
| Margarita.....      | Norma Nichols    |
| Priest.....         | Sidney Franklin  |
| Consul.....         | Harry Lonsdale   |

As the automobile sped up the winding drive between the rows of stately trees, Alix Lansing peered eagerly toward the big, hospitable old brick mansion with its broad Colonial porch.

Alix was going "home" with her husband, Gerry, for the first time since their marriage. To be sure Gerry—big, broad-shouldered, easy-going Gerry—had talked much of Red Hill, where he had been born and reared. Alix, smiling, beautiful, smartly gowned, was therefore all prepared for the welcoming group which met them on the porch. There was Gerry's mother, white-haired, plump, a mist of happy tears in her eyes; there was Gerry's married sister, Nancy, who lived next door, and her rosy, bright eyed children; there was Clem, a shy, long-legged girl just at the "colt" stage—Gerry's younger sister. The old faithful butler, who had been in the Lansing family for years—and then, a strange face—dark, alert, smiling, with eyes that burned eagerly into those of Alix as she offered him her hand.

This was Alan Wayne, fascinating, debonair adventurer, who was spending a fortnight visiting his brother and sister-in-law, Nancy. From the moment he met Alix, Alan made no effort to conceal his interest in her. He spent as much time in the hospitable old brick mansion where Alix was a guest as he did in his brother's home.

Cynical, brilliant, having traveled all over the world, Alan was good company. Clem adored him. Alan teased her and played with her as though she were a child, little dreaming of the intense feeling for him which was growing within her. Clem would sit and watch, solemn-eyed, as Alan and Alix chatted and laughed and romped through the great rooms or took a brisk spin over the country while Gerry was busy with his golf clubs.

It was Gerry's habit, in fact, to play most of the time. He even played at work. Blessed with plenty of money, Gerry loitered through a day at his office when in town by visiting with some of his boon companions, smoking big cigars at his mahogany desk and dictating an occasional letter to his stenographer.

"Isn't this a pretty, sleepy little place?" laughed Alix one night when they had gone to their rooms and the lights in the lower part of the house were all out.

"Never mind," yawned Gerry, "we'll be getting back to the city soon. My business—"

"Yes, your business!" Alix mocked gaily.

Gerry grinned sheepishly.

"A visit here is lovely," said Alix, braiding her heavy brown hair. "It's a dear old place, and your people are dear, too, Gerry. But I couldn't stand living in a little place forever. I need excitement, change—"

She stretched out her white arms, the lacy drapery falling away from them like foam.

Alix was like a lovely dragon-fly whose iridescent wings have hovered only over the pleasure and beauty of life.

Soon they were back in their city apartment. Alan, too, found business which called him to the city and the three had many a lively dinner party together followed by the theatre.

One day Gerry went home at noon. He felt restless, bored. He was conscious of a vague dissatisfaction as he entered the apartment. Even houses have souls and Gerry was suddenly aware that his town abode lacked the spirit that breathed from every room in the old place at Red Hill.

The butler entered to take his coat.

"Mrs. Lansing is dining with Mr. Wayne, sir."

Now, there was nothing so extraordinary in the announcement, because often the two had dined together when Gerry had been detained by business or some previous engagement. But something about the loneliness of the

## The Call of Home



From the moment he met Alix, Alan made no effort to conceal his interest in her.



Alan learns that Alix has agreed to run away with him.

apartment, something in the flippant nonchalance with which Alix could send him the message by the butler, aroused him. He frowned and sat looking broodingly into the fire.

Meanwhile Alix and Alan were bowling merrily along in a taxi on the way to the fashionable restaurant where they were dining. Ardently Alan looked at her—this beautiful woman with the poise, gaiety, spirit—all the things his fastidious and too-experienced taste demanded in a woman. Alix' eyes were sparkling. She was enjoying life. What woman would not be with a devoted husband, with whom she was in love—an interesting, ardent admirer to flatter her vanity. Alix knew, of course, that human hearts once involved in a tremendous passion were but fragile chips of wood upon the swift tide of destiny. But she would have laughed at the thought that her secure and happy life was to be swept into any but the well-chosen and safe channels she had elected for it. As for Alan—well, she could manage Alan.

On her lips was the smile of the woman who knows she is admired, but who feels also that she holds the reins of the situation completely in her own hands.

Alan's hand closed over hers.

"What dreams the touch of your hand brings to me," he said softly. "Of a desert island—"

Alix drew away from him laughing.

"But we're not on a desert island and there are eyes on every corner," she said.

"Is it only a question, then, of 'eyes'?" said the man cynically. "I wonder how many

morals would stand without other people's eyes to prop them up!" Alix's eyes blazed and she drew herself up haughtily. She started to speak, but Alan's low, tense tones stopped her. With a sort of panicky feeling she realized that they had drifted much farther in their friendship than she had intended. Moreover, there was something peculiarly fascinating to her about Alan. She did not love him, of that she felt sure. But she was drawn to him against her will.

"My love is not of the head, but of the heart," she heard him saying. "The kind that comes only once to a man—and to a woman!"

She felt his arm around her, his eyes blazed.

"You do care, Alix! For the sake of the three of us, don't keep on deceiving yourself. I'm taking the five-thirty Canadian Express—"

With an effort Alix pushed him away. She looked at him coldly, reprovingly. It was enough. Alan was no dullard. His sensitive soul told him when he had gone far enough. He bowed his head silently. He told the chauffeur to drive to Alix's home. They sat in silence through the remainder of the ride. When she left the car however, Alan gave Alix a long, level look.

"If you change your mind—"

Alix looked at him coldly, said "Good-bye" curtly, and left him.

Still astonished and worried from the sudden knowledge of Alan's love for her, Alix seated herself at her dressing table and was fussing with her hair when her husband came in.

"Oh, hello, Gerry," she started, cheerily. A look at his set, stern face



Fictionized by permission of R-C Pictures. From the scenario by Eve Unsell, and adapted from the novel, "Home," by George Agnew Chamberlain.

halted her. He came close to her and stood looking down at the bright brown head, the trailing, filmy pinkness of her chiffon negligee.

Without any preliminaries, he said:

"I want you to drop Alan!"

Alix stared at him in surprise. Then she burst out laughing. The sight of big, easy-going Gerry assuming dramatic poses and using cave-man tactics was too funny!

"But I don't want to. Besides, he's leaving town today."

"Alan is a trifler—a philanderer!" said her husband contemptuously. Something in his tone, something which seemed to accuse her, too, of being a philanderer, brought Alix's already overwrought nerves to the snapping point. She whirled around and faced her husband defiantly.

"You know that isn't true," she said indignantly. "Besides, what are you but a philanderer—at sport—at business—at life?"

She arose quickly, bright spots of color in her cheeks, her breast heaving, and walked to the other end of the room. Gerry, now thoroughly jarred out of his usual good nature, followed her. He grasped her roughly by the wrist.

"There's never yet been a divorce nor a wife-beater among the Lansings," he said in a rage, "but—"

Alix's face was white with wrath.

"It's your family tradition that your women are faithful," she scathingly rebuked him, "so you don't exert yourself to hold your wife!"

"You're trying to humiliate me by comparison with Alan," sneered her husband. "Why, if I dropped out of your life today Alan would drop you from his—thankful to escape responsibilities."

For a moment Alix's eyes blazed at him. She flung his hand from her.

"You think so, do you?" she breathed, her eyes narrowed in a way he had never seen them before. Slightly disconcerted, Gerry stoutly reiterated, "Yes."

Silently his wife pointed toward the door. Feeling as though he had blundered, but still aggrieved and unrepentant, her husband left her.

Alone, the full pent-up storm of Alix's feelings broke. She threw herself on the bed sobbing and beating her head softly with her clenched hands. The insult! From Gerry, of all people. She hated him, she hated him. She would never speak to him again! On the crest of this wave of impetuous emotion she suddenly jumped up and reached for the telephone. Well, she would show him. She called Alan's number. His pleasant voice, surprised, pleased, answered her.

"Yes, yes, I've changed my mind. I'm going with you—I'll meet you at the train," she said.

Hastily she donned her street clothes again, threw some things into a traveling bag and was on her way. What sort of a scene would have been enacted had Gerry met her on her way out, it is hard to say, but he, too, had flung himself out of the house immediately following their quarrel.

He went to his club, but could only sit and chew savagely on a cigar, ignoring the friendly sallies of his acquaintances. Alix ought to play square, by George. Goodness knew, he was lenient and reasonable enough. Not many husbands would put up with the philandering Alan as long as he had.

Yet, along toward the middle of the afternoon, tenderer thoughts of Alix began to fill his mind. After all, she was just a wayward child. He should have been gentler with her and then the quarrel would not have happened. What a gay, charming, loveable personality she had, anyway.

Impulsively, with a happy smile breaking out on his face, Gerry jumped



"There's never been a divorce or a wife-beater among the Lansings," he said, "but—"

up from the deep leather chair in the club and hurried out to a florist's. He meant to go home almost hidden by his huge floral peace-offering. He was standing in front of the flower shop window debating what he should get when a shining automobile slid past. He caught the reflection in the glass and turned involuntarily, because the vivid blue of the car was like the one he had given his wife. And sure enough, there she was, sitting in the car with hat boxes and bags piled around her. Gerry gasped as the car went on toward the station. Quickly he hailed a taxi and followed. He reached the gates just in time to see Alix being eagerly met by Alan and escorted on board the train.

\* \* \*

LIKE a man stunned, Gerry Lansing turned slowly back and started walking aimlessly. Across the street he noted a steamship ticket office. Suddenly an idea took shape in his mind. To get away—far, far away—that was the only thing left. He went in and bought a ticket for South America on a boat sailing within a few hours.

Meanwhile, Alix, her anger cooled, was already beginning to repent of her wild adventure. In the compartment alone with the exultant Alan she felt a sudden sinking of the heart. What had at first loomed as just a means of revenge to put Gerry in his proper place now seemed terrible, appalling. Alan's lean, cynical face seemed positively repellent to her. He arranged the pillows behind her back, tried to remove her hat from her head. Alix stopped him. He sat down beside her, suddenly seized her in his arms and tried to kiss her.

With a cry Alix pushed him from her. She jumped to her feet, locked wildly around. The train was starting to move!

"No, No!" she said hysterically in answer to Alan's solicitous questions. "It's Gerry! I know now—it will always be Gerry!"

Not stopping to gather up her belongings, she rushed from the compartment and to the platform. The car had almost reached the end of it. The porter was about to close the trap. Alix pushed past him, down the steps and leaped from the moving train. An astonished colored attendant who was passing caught her and steadied her.

"Ah done save yo' from a fall, Miss," he said, grinning.

Alix looked at him solemnly.

"No, I saved myself," she said, and hurried away, leaving the attendant grasping a dollar and looking after her in a puzzled way.

Thankfully she rushed up to her apartment. Guests were there ahead of her. In the dining room she found Mother Lansing and Clem fussing over a beautiful birthday cake. After first joyful greetings and embraces were exchanged they explained. It was Gerry's birthday and they had come up to help celebrate.

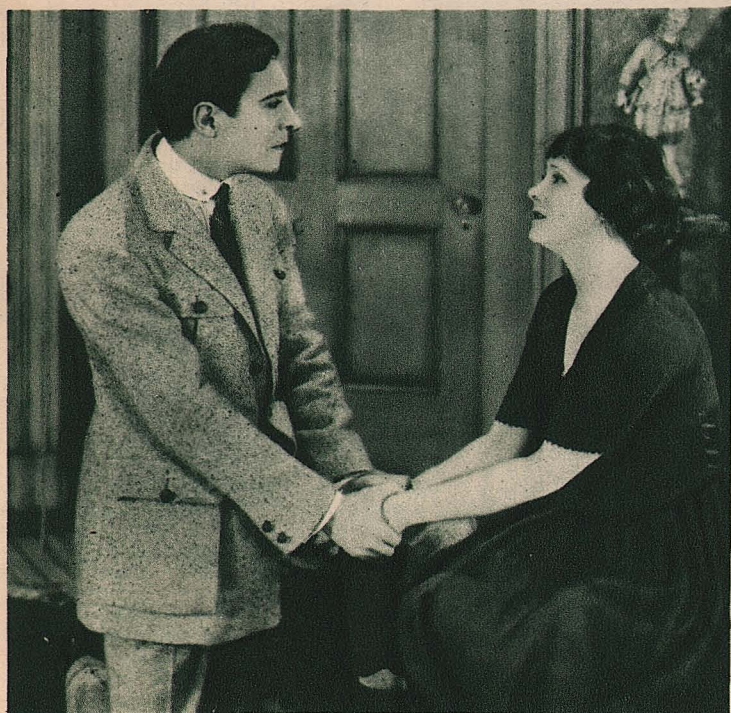
Humming a song Alix sped to her room to don her prettiest gown—a pale blue tulle simply made, which was one of her husband's favorites. She put a flower in her hair, just a touch of delicate perfume on her bodice.

They all took their places at the table, the colored candles awaiting the touch of flame. In the background hovered the faithful butler, his face wreathed in smiles. The minutes sped by. No Gerry.

"Telephone the club and ask Mr. Lansing to hurry home," Alix suggested. An interval of anxious waiting, then Briggs returned. His face looked solemn.

"I telephoned the club, but Mr. Lansing hasn't been there all day," he said.

(To be continued)



Alix felt that she held the reins of the situation entirely in her hands.



# Pantomime's Scenario Club

Conducted by Florence McIntyre



**I**N reply to a statement made recently that the story makes the star, someone said that a true artist, well cast, could put any film "across." This may be so in a measure, for undoubtedly some of the screen notables of the present day came into recognition through the medium of the old two-reelers which were mostly a series of incidents rather than stories with well-constructed plots.

I have been studying some of the old films of late—those made eight or ten years ago, and I must confess that the great comedian, Charles Chaplin, is, to my mind, just as pleasingly humorous in the little two-reelers of a by-gone day as in any of his greater productions. But when Charles began making pictures with some real story value, he gripped the heart of the world, and was declared even by the cynics, a true artist. "The Kid" was a real sensation because fundamentally it contained a good story and gave Mr. Chaplin a wide scope to show his ability.

Just so with Douglas Fairbanks. In his old pictures he was merely a pleasing young acrobatic actor, whose stunts invariably brought forth a peal of laughter, but as *D'Artagnan* in "The Three Musketeers" he is the artist *de luxe* and no one who has seen the film can help but love the immortal character brought to life by "Doug." Indeed, as someone remarked, "Fairbanks is *D'Artagnan*." We love him in this play for the nobility of character displayed, for the self-sacrifice and mostly for saving the queen from dishonor. In other words, it is the deeds which the story affords him that endears him to us, and not merely his delightful smile nor his agile ability to "sprint" out of a tight situation.

Harold Lloyd is another artist who has climbed to the pinnacles of fame through the medium of the story. Mr. Lloyd is conceded by many to be the greatest comedian of the screen today. Harold was always capable of being funny, even in his little two-reel pictures, but when he began making comedies with some plot value, he commanded wide attention. Originally Lloyd pictures were merely a series of slap-stick incidents, but Mr. Lloyd realized only too well the value of a good story behind his work, and was not satisfied until he was featured in stories of this kind. When he found the right vehicle the critics began pointing him out as a true artist, unique in his ability to handle pleasing comedy roles.

It is interesting indeed to note the progress of the various stars through the medium of the story. Take the case of Priscilla Dean, for instance. Her talent and dramatic ability was first recognized in a story written by Gillette Burgess, entitled, "The Two-Souled Woman," a story of the Parisian underworld.

Here was an actress of unusual type—"the girl with the Mona Lisa eyes"—a woman of rare beauty and the ability to portray, with a certain finesse, underworld characters. It was in Gillette Burgess' story that Miss Dean first commanded the attention of producer Carl Laemmle, and he lost no time in signing her up on contract. Then the very corners of the earth were combed for suitable stories and as Mr. Laemmle says, "Priscilla Dean has taxed the ingenuity of writers for the screen." But suitable stories were found, and soon Miss Dean discovered that she was among the most popular screen artists of the day. Her work in "Outside the Law" was masterful. The leading feminine role in that particular play afforded her a wide scope for dramatic acting, and was the type of character which she portrays so well. Then Edwina Levin offered "Reputation," a story which gave Miss Dean the best acting role she has ever had, and her portrayal of the feminine character in that story stamped her as unquestionably "great." Frances Hodgson Burnett is the creator of the latest Priscilla Dean story. It is called "The Lass o' Lowrie," and the Universal Studios say it affords the artist an unprecedented opportunity for her unique characterization.

Contrast the heavy dramatic work of Priscilla Dean with the light comedy ability of Gladys Walton. Here is a girl who has endeared herself to the public through the light, fluffy story. The type of pictures that she plays best are those featuring her as an athletic, saucy, impudent and ambitious flapper. Miss Walton's climb to success has been phenomenal. From a bathing beauty she has stepped up the ladder of success in a remarkably short time. Her unique handling of light comedy parts soon gained recognition, and one of the big producers determined to star her as soon as a suitable story could be obtained for the young comedian. Then J. U. Giesy created a story for the little artist called "Pink Tights," and after that Gladys was made.

You can readily see that the actor or actress is just as interested in good stories as is the producer, for they know that the medium through which they are introduced to the public either makes or breaks them, and as a rule the "star" usually says the final "yes" or "no" on a story under consideration at the studios.

It is no wonder producers clamor for better stories when we consider the success of some of the recent films in which the big artists have been featured.

It is well indeed for everyone desirous of writing for the screen to study the old films as well as the new. A study of the screen is almost indispensable when one is attempting to write motion picture stories. The picture theatre is the students' laboratory in this respect, and it is well to contrast the old films with the new.

Many of the ancient pictures featuring modern-day stars are shown in the inconspicuous "neighborhood" theatres, and from the standpoint of study these are well worth the time spent in viewing them.

Observe the work of the stars. Make a note of those who do comedy and those who do drama, of the companies which feature individual stars, and those who go in for super or spectacular productions. You will find, I think, that the story written as a star vehicle—that is, featuring one particular actor or actress, stands a better chance with the producer than the big spectacular picture, such as "Theodora," "Aphrodite," and the like. If you are familiar with "who's who" in the film world, you will not make the mistake of sending a comedy to some actor who does only heavy dramatic work, nor a heavy drama to some artist who is in search of light comedy vehicles. It is surprising how many people do make this error, and you can readily see that such procedure is a decided waste of time.

You wouldn't think anyone familiar with the screen would send Charles Ray a story for consideration which featured the leading role (intended for Mr. Ray) as a culprit and a dyed-in-the-wool villain, but I know for a fact that such stories have been sent to the pleasing young comedian for consideration.

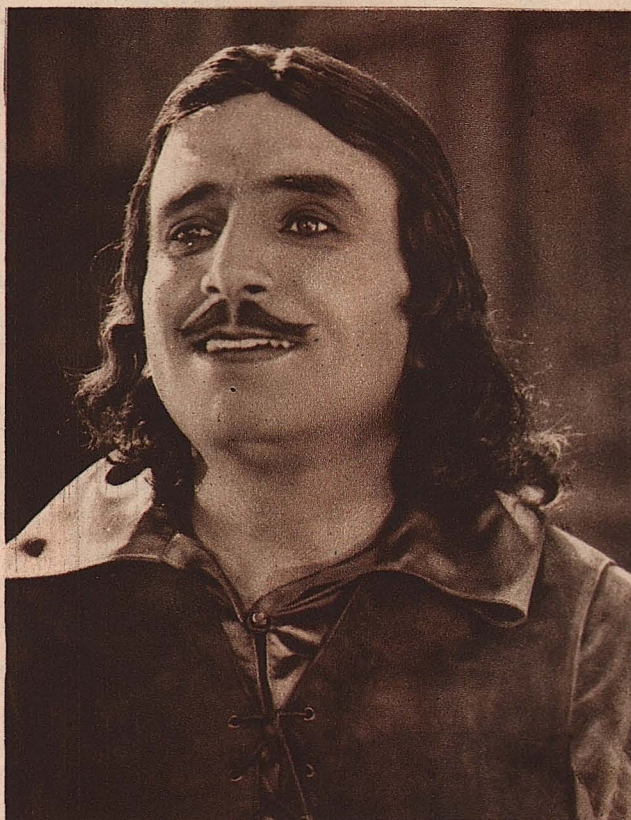
Observation in this respect is just as important as in any other line of business, and such a course is just as ridiculous as it would be if some merchant selling fine silks was suddenly asked to peddle tin spoons instead.

Of course, once in a great while an artist does completely change his or her line of work, but this is more the exception than the rule. So, if you have a good comedy story, or a drama, watch the work of the artists upon the screen, and decide in your own mind who is best suited to do your particular story before you send it on its journey.

The public libraries have recently installed some good books on photoplay writing, and a careful perusal of these volumes together with a conscientious study of the screen will undoubtedly be found helpful to the ambitious writer of screen stories. While the mere reading of books will not make a writer of you, at the same time, you will find many valuable pointers contained in the various works on photoplay writing.

When viewing a picture, pick out what you consider the weak situations, and when you return to your home work them over in your own mind and determine how you would "strengthen" them. This is excellent practice, and will give your imagination some tangible material to work upon.

The field for motion picture stories is broad and the reward for the successful writer invariably worth while. So put your best effort into your stories before you send them to a producer.





# Outside The Studio



The blue waters of the well-known Pacific provide a playground for Hal Roach, the comedy producer. For instance, here he is, below, on the Gypsy, his new cruiser yacht. With him is the little vessel's master, Captain George Nelson Cornell, who, among other accomplishments, can cook as nifty a clam chowder as is. He admits it.



Wonder who wrote this letter Mona Kingsley seems so wrapped up in? Probably from some ardent gentleman who has seen her sweet self on the silver sheet and just simply can't refrain from telling her how beautiful she is, and how he'd like to marry her. Such things are nothing new in Mona's young life.



Maybe Colleen Moore is only funnin', but if you'll look closely you'll see twenty candles on this birthday cake she's about to carve. Whether or not these candles apply to Colleen's years has not been made known. Colleen swears she baked this cake herself.



This picture is listed among things you don't see on the screen! Ruth Roland has been serialling so strenuously that her boots have enough sand in 'em to change the topography of the Sahara desert. Note, too, that it takes two property men to remove them.



It's mighty nice to be so popular that all the flappers west of every point east send you "fan" mail, but it's not so nice when you have to answer all those letters. Here's Richard Tucker in the act of compiling his love note answers. As you can see, too, the pictures of himself, to be sent out to admirers.



THE greatest single development in the motion picture business in 1921 was the change in the attitude of the public towards pictures, according to Adolph Zukor, President of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and producer of Paramount pictures. This change, Mr. Zukor declares, means that the year 1922 will probably see an unprecedented number of big productions that will almost entirely supplant the smaller and more mediocre films of the past.

"Up to the middle of last summer," says Mr. Zukor, "the general public, so far as attendance at picture theatres was concerned, apparently had not felt the pinch of general business conditions. Since that time, however, people have shown a growing disposition to 'shop for pictures.'"

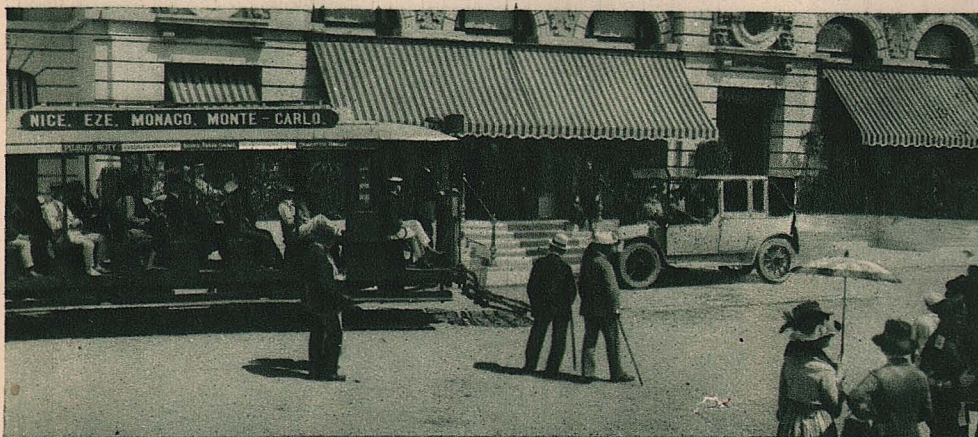
"The result is that, while attendance at theatres showing really big pictures is just as flourishing as ever, the theatres exhibiting weak pictures are feeling the burden of the public's indifference. Big pictures are prospering, as always; weak pictures are falling by the wayside at a rate that is alarming to the observing."

"If I were to choose from among the various developments in motion pictures during the past twelve months—the pre-eminent, outstanding feature—I would state unhesitatingly that it is the discovery, by producers, distributors and exhibitors, of exactly what the public wants—big, special productions."

"For years the picture industry has been feeling around, trying this policy and that. We have passed through a period of capitalizing the popularity of the star, only to find the public most fickle in its choice of favorites. We have all experimented with famous stories and famous plays, catering to the best literary and dramatic taste of the public. From time to time we have thrown the entire burden upon our directors, only to find that, with very few exceptions, their following is likely to vanish over night."

"That the big, special production, combining all these elemental forces, was what the public wanted, the year 1921 has proved beyond question. That is the kind of production that has been the real, consistent success this year—the production built around a big theme, produced by a great director with the utmost care given to technical detail and interpreted by casts made up of people whose acknowledged ability ensures against possibility of misinterpretation."

In "The Prisoner of Zenda," at the right, Rex Ingram will have some stupendous "sets" and unusual costumes.



This is the type of picture Mr. Zukor refers to—a foreign "set" in "Foolish Wives."

Jesse L. Lasky, Paramount's First Vice President, who has spent considerable time on the West Coast in the past few months supervising plans for 1922, confirms Mr. Zukor's prediction in detail. His prophecy is further reinforced by the fact that he has just seen advance showings of a number of big pictures just produced,

# The Rise of the Big Picture

By Felicia Fenton



There's evidence of money spent here, too, in "Saturday Night," a Cecil De Mille production.



gone forever. It is 'eyes front' in the film field for 1922. Watch out for the big productions."

Mr. Lasky enumerated the following big productions in sight, most of which will be released in 1922:

Betty Compson in Penrhyn Stanlaw's production of Sir James M. Barrie's "The Little Minister"; William De Mille's production of "Miss Lulu Bett"; Cecil B. De Mille's "Fool's Paradise," "Saturday Night," and Alice Duer Miller's "Manslaughter"; George Fitzmaurice's production of "Peter Ibbetson," to be called "Forever," "Three Live Ghosts" and "The Man from Home"; John S. Robertson's productions of "Love's Boomerang" and "Spanish Jade"; George H. Melford's successor to "The Sheik" called "Moran of the Lady Letty," featuring Dorothy Dalton; two special comedy productions directed by James Cruze, called "One Glorious Day," with Will Rogers, and "Is Matrimony a Failure?" with Walter Hiers and Lila Lee; Gloria Swanson in "The Husband's Tragedy," and "Beyond the Rocks," an Elinor Glyn story; Betty Compson in Penrhyn Stanlaw's production of "The Law and the Woman," adapted from the Clyde Fitch play, "The Woman in the Case"; also in "The Noose," a William D. Taylor production, and in W. Somerset Maugham's story, "The Ordeal"; Agnes Ayres as a star in "The Lane That Had No Turning," by Sir Gilbert Parker and a new William De Mille production, "Bought and Paid For"; Wallace Reid in "The Champion," "Across the Continent," and "The Ghost Breaker"; Ethel Clayton in "Her Own Money," "The Cradle," and "For the Defense"; Thomas Meighan in "If You Believe It, It's So," by Perley Poore Sheehan, "The Proxy Daddy," by Edward Peple, and "Our Leading Citizen," by George Ade; Jack Holt in "While Satan Sleeps," an adaptation of Peter B. Kyne's "The Parson of Panamint"; Dorothy Dalton in "Tharon of Lost Valley." In addition, there will be the following Cosmopolitan pictures to be released by Paramount: "Boomerang Bill," with Lionel Barrymore; "Back Pay," "The Bride's Play," "Find the Woman," "Sisters," "The Young Diana," "The Price of Beauty" and others.

has had his finger on the pulse of production activities at the Hollywood studios, and is keenly alive to the fact that the real test of producing companies is now at hand.

"The day of the big picture is here," says Mr. Lasky. "The day of the mediocre picture has



# A New Male Flapper

By Walter Bodin

GLENN HUNTER, right now, is the male flapper of the New York stage.

That is, he was right up to the time Billie Burke's show, "The Intimate Strangers," closed at the Henry Miller Theatre. Being caught in a temporary lull between stage engagements, Mr. Hunter is now perfecting his plans to become the male flapper of the movies. This doesn't mean that he has deserted the stage; he will continue to combine his stage and screen work, as he has done in the past. But the big point is that he is going to concentrate more on the screen than he has in the past, in the sincere belief that he has the equipment—mental, technical and physical—to carry him to the top of the exceedingly small list of good actors now portraying the very likeable type of adolescent American youth.

By calling Glenn Hunter a "male flapper" no flippancy is intended. Nor is there any tinge of ridicule or opprobrium attached to the term. "Male flapper," it strikes me, is the only phrase that thoroughly and completely describes this ingenuous and entirely refreshing young man.

For one thing, he is most unusually fond of the word "terribly" as an adjective. So fond, in fact, that he employs little or no discretion in its use. He's "terribly fond" of this, or such and such a part is "terribly hard" or such a girl is "terribly charming," and he is "terribly interested" in pictures; it's "terribly difficult" to make a success in one's chosen work, and, gratifyingly enough, he was "terribly glad" to see me. Now, I leave it to you; isn't this all terribly flapper-ish?

He's a most charming and gracious youth, sincere in his every word and action, and equipped with a fund of modesty (really, it borders on shyness) that should help him go far in his work.

Glenn Hunter came to New York at the age of seventeen—that's eight years ago—from his

home in Highland Hills, New York. Self-confident (what youth is not?), he arrived with little money but many hopes. He thought it would be but a short time before some manager would be eager to sign him up for some big salary. But managers weren't doing such things that year, and Glenn, soon "broke," wrote home that he was doing "terribly nicely," hunted a nice clean bench in Bryant Square, rolled up his coat for a pillow, and went to sleep.

*A charming and sincere youth—he should go far.*



*Here's the male flapper in a scene with Constance Binney.*



With the closing down of the season for "Clarence" he went into vaudeville, and had small parts in various road shows. Then, one day, the Realart people needed a juvenile to play with Constance Binney in "The Case of Becky." After much casting about, the youthful Mr. Hunter was selected. And that part "made" him, so far as the movies are concerned. That is, it gave him the necessary impetus toward the goal which he has now set himself.

The adolescent American youth, with all his vague troubles, his uncertainties, his boastful certainties, his tolerances and intolerances, his groping dreams and his sheer human wonder—these are the things that Glenn Hunter wants to make incarnate on stage and screen.

"And I think my chance has come," he told me in his dressing room at the Henry Miller Theatre. "A couple of chaps who had some terribly good stories to do in films saw my work and decided that I was just the type they were looking for. So they formed a company and made me the star. Yes, I'm a movie star, although I have only played in two pictures beside the one I have just completed as a star. After playing with Miss Binney (a terribly nice girl, she is), I was cast for a quite similar part in 'Smilin' Through', with Norma Talmadge."

"Now I have finished my first picture as a star. Its studio name is 'Apron Strings', but I think the name is to be changed when the picture is released to the public."

He acts and talks and looks like a boy. The kind of boy that typifies clean-limbed, nervous young America. He has a face that fairly radiates healthy boyhood from his remarkably blue eyes on down to his smiling mouth. He's just such a boy as Booth Tarkington writes about.

He's absolutely unspoiled, so far, by his success. He doesn't wear spats or carry a stick. That's a pretty good recommendation in itself for a young fellow who has come to a pretty fair measure of success in such a short time. He is always ready to listen to others, believing that he has still something to learn. That, too, is unusual—particularly in New York, where advice ordinarily suffers the fate of a step child, and every man one meets, whether successful or a monument to failure, speaks and acts as though he were understudying the Greek Oracle.

Yes, Glenn Hunter is terribly interesting.

Even that didn't attract the managers, and Glenn continued to use Bryant Park as a sleeping chamber. Then, one day, he picked up a paper from his pet bench and read one of those human interest stories, signed by one of New York's sobbiest of "sob sisters." It struck him as human, this story, and he visited the writer, pouring his eager tale into sympathetic ears.

As a result, she introduced him to the Washington Square Players. They paid him \$10 a week to play small parts. That was his training school for two years. Then for two years he was in road companies with "Magic," "Pollyanna" and "Penrod," when the war stepped in to interrupt his career.

The war over, young Mr. Hunter, now twenty-two, found himself with a man's sized desire to be an actor, but that was all he had—the desire. Booth Tarkington was in town to help select a cast for "Clarence," and the

Hunter boy, hearing of it, sought a place. There was one part open—that of "Clarence's" boy pal. Young Hunter told Mr. Tarkington he could do it. Mr. Tarkington didn't think he could, and said so. Several boys tried to play the role, but failed miserably. So Hunter got the job, creating the role in New York, and later touring the country with the company.



*Glenn Hunter can be serious on occasion.*



# The Rise of Rudolph

By Russell Holman

BY the time this yarn pops into print the gladsome tidings will be out that Rudolph Valentino has signed for three years as a Paramount star. 'Tis well.

Never did a youth more clearly merit stardom. Rising like an express elevator in the Woolworth Building, he proved in "The Four Horsemen," "Camille," and "The Sheik" that his broad, well-formed shoulders were a fit resting place for the starry mantle. If, after you see him in "Moran of the Lady Letty" and in "Beyond the Rocks," in which Elinor Glyn *opus* he is leading man for Gloria Swanson, you're not a confirmed Valentino rooter, we'll eat a cobblestone!

Wherein lies the lad's charm?

We saw him long, long ago in a Dorothy Gish comedy called "Turning the Tables," and he didn't seem to be very happy. He appeared to be standing still, a smile on his face, for five reels while peppy Dorothy gyrated around him.

When we met Valentino not so long ago, we spoke to him about that.

"I didn't like the picture," he confessed. "It was one of my first screen attempts, and it taught me that I was not suited to comedy."

Rudolph wears orange and black dressing gowns and smokes cigarettes in a long, slim ivory holder. He is handsome, but not in a wasp-waisted lounge-lizard way. He and Wally Reid both look a lot slighter on the screen than they are.

Valentino is broad-shouldered; he weighs 160 pounds. His hair is black and has a glossy sheen; his eyes are black and have a sparkle. He speaks slowly, giving the words the carefully correct pronunciation that is characteristic of well educated people to whom English is an acquired tongue. He has a polite and courteous manner that charms the magazine ladies who come to interview him. (Greater tribute we can bestow upon no man!)

"You used to be a dancer," we accused him. "I did," he confessed. "I appeared in vaudeville as the dancing partner of Joan Sawyer when I first came to America."

He told us something about his pre-American career. Rudolph was born in Castellaneto, Italy. It seems that Valentino *père* wanted his son to become a farmer. He sent the boy to an Italian agricultural school, which had something of a military air about it also, for the students wore soldiers' uniforms and drilled. Young Valentino learned to ride and fence there. You will recall that he does some rather nifty riding in "The Sheik."

Rudolph didn't fancy the idea of spending the rest of his life behind a plow. He came to America. One of his first friends here was

Harrison Ford, the young screen leading man who recently appeared opposite the Talmadges. Ford liked the young Italian, and they became roommates. It was a fine thing for Rudolph, for his chum introduced him around the theatrical world, polished up his English, and tipped him off to American customs.

Dancing had always come naturally to Valentino. He made a splendid appearance in evening dress; he was graceful and agile. He became a professional dancer. Following his engagement with Miss Sawyer, he appeared in a musical show called "Nobody Home," with Richard Carle, the comedian.

From stage to screen was accomplished in one swift, lucky leap. With "The Four Horsemen," Rudolph the Colorful



Rudolph is having his fill of "water stuff."



He wears orange and black dressing-gowns.

smashed into the limelight as a young actor of dynamic personality, considerable skill, and a strikingly handsome face that screened like a million dollars. He was 1921's film sensation.

"I am not the typical American screen hero," Valentino said to us. "My appearance is not that of an American. I told Mr. Lasky that when he wanted me to play the male lead in 'Moran of the Lady Letty'. But he explained that the hero was a man of Spanish descent. So it was all right."

"I thought for a time that my appearance would force me to play villains all the time. But 'The Four Horsemen' gave me an ideal part, and I know now that there are many other hero-roles that will suit me just as well."

Incidentally, in "Moran of the Lady Letty," which is a sea story by Frank Norris, Rudolph wears overalls and a flannel jumper throughout most of the action. We asked George Melford, who directed the picture, about this.

"Wait till you see Valentino in it," "Uncle George" enthused. "You'll find out what a husky, red-blooded chap he is. We hired a sailing schooner out of Frisco for a number of the scenes. Valentino and Walter Long fight a fist battle way up in the rigging of the ship that's the most thrilling thing you ever laid your eyes upon. After the fight Valentino climbed up to the very tip of the mast—just for the exercise. The hard-boiled crew of the ship gasped."

Rudolph is having his fill of water stuff, for one of his stunts in "Beyond the Rocks," which the Gloria Swanson company is now making under the megaphoneship of Sam Wood down at Catalina Island, is to leap from a rock into the sea and rescue glorious Gloria from a watery grave. How the hearts will beat when that scene is screened in your neighborhood theatre, me lads!

A rumor comes to our old ears, just as we close this treatise, that Rudolph is soon to play the hero in a Paramount version of "Blood and Sand," the colorful Ibanez story in which Otis Skinner appeared on Broadway recently. Not only Rudolph, but May McAvoy and Bebe Daniels are to be in the cast. It is a dramatic story of the bull-ring of Seville, in which Rudolph smashes bulls and feminine hearts at will. An ideal Valentino picture. Is it not so, gentle reader?



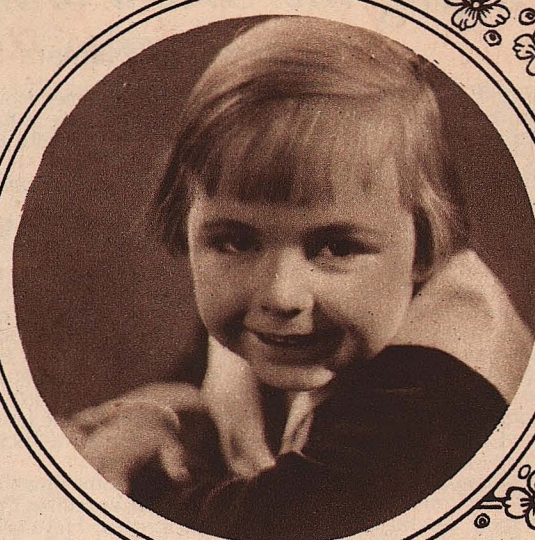
He and Gloria make one sweet pair to draw to.



# Just Kids

Here's another pose of the whole H. B. Warner family. H. B. and Mrs. H. B. have handed over the mail to Baby Joan, who is the real boss of the house. Joan seems to be pleased. We never saw our secretary look pleased over being handed letters.

Here's a brand-new movie kiddie. His name is Arthur Trimble, and he's just five years old. Rupert Hughes personally picked him for a part in his new picture, "Remembrance," although the boy had never acted before. Little Artie has won three prizes for good looks and intelligence.



When he's got his overalls on, and is showing the Hollywood cops what speed means, he is known as "Bill." But when he's dressed up, they call him William Wallace Reid II. "Bill" is shown in training for a future in pictures. Wonder how it feels to be a movie idol's kid!



Here's a job it isn't hard to get kids to sign up for in the movies. It calls for food! Jerry Devine and Caroline Phillips agree that they wouldn't mind working before the camera the remainder of their lives if they could always get parts that give 'em real instead of reel food.

Alice Lake would look like this if she were an overworked, poverty-encumbered housewife. Can you picture Alice in such a domestic drama? Or should we say tragedy! At the left is Francis Carpenter. Next him is May Giraci. Stanley Goethals and Geraldine Conlon are the other expectant diners.



# Bringing the Orient to the U.S.A.

By Sue McNamara

**I**MAGINE a mob of two thousand real Chinese turned loose on a motion picture lot and costumes worn by the principals valued at twenty thousand dollars—real Chinese costumes of exquisite brocaded silks heavily embroidered in real gold and silver!

All this actually happened recently when Sessue Hayakawa was making his newest big R-C production—"The Vermilion Pencil."

For of all the actors on the motion picture screen, Sessue Hayakawa holds the unique distinction of being the only one who has transported the Orient to the United States of America. Priceless art treasures, rare teakwood furniture inlaid with ivory and mother of pearl, rugs and vases which can be purchased nowhere except in the mystic Far East add an atmosphere to his productions which could not be gained by any studio imitations. Hayakawa is a stickler for realism. He insists that if a Chinese street is to be shown it must be exactly like a real street in Hong Kong or Peking—not just something to conform with a description in a book. If a Chinese lady's boudoir is flashed on the screen, all right; but it must have actual mother of pearl and ivory ornamenting the furniture—not just painted counterfeit.

Such whims on the part of a star might cause some directors annoyance. Not so with Norman Dawn, who directed "The Vermilion Pencil." Dawn himself spent several years in the Orient, so when Hayakawa insisted on certain details, Dawn just went him one better and added still other difficult trimmings.

So it was that recently at the R-C coast studios one morning, a mob of two thousand slant-eyed Orientals were waiting patiently when the doors opened. They were to take part in the big earthquake scene. One old fellow almost wept when he saw the Chinese village which had been erected at such pains and which was soon to be destroyed by fire and lava. It looked so much like his native land which he had not seen for years that it made him homesick. Contentedly he sat in the narrow crooked street with its overhanging balconies and dreamed of the past.

The mob of Chinese was assembled from Los Angeles' Chinatown by Thomas Gubbins, an authority on things Oriental and studio adviser on all such matters. Gubbins lived many years in China and knows the country and its customs thoroughly. Whenever Mr. Hayakawa needs Chinese "extras", Gubbins can always be depended upon to get the most interesting types in California.

For instance, in this mob was Lock Chy, eighty-five years old, whose life is of historic as well as histrionic interest. The gold rush to California in '49 is vivid in Lock Chy's memory. He even remembers the Golden State when it was under Mexican rule. In China he has a host of descendants, among them grandchildren and great-grandchildren he has never seen. Wealth was once his, and later poverty. He has risen to the heights and sunk to the depths. Now he views the world with the calm philosophy of Confucius, plays here and there in motion pictures under the guidance of Gubbins and for the rest woos the Goddess of Chance in those retreats of the Los Angeles Chinatown where Occidentals seldom penetrate.

*This is Thomas Jefferson—would you believe it? Note the rarely beautiful Oriental background.*



*Bessie Love makes a charming (and realistic) Chinese girl opposite Sessue Hayakawa.*

Lock Chy came to America when a small boy and got rich in the California gold rush, returned to his native country a wealthy man; took unto himself seven wives, bought lands and houses and lived like a prince. In ten years he had spent his fortune because of the lavish scale of his living. So more than half a century ago this Oriental Argonaut landed a second time on America's shores. He is still here. Opportunity knocked the once—and no more.

Lock Chy looks inscrutably at the feverish activity of the studios. He accepts his fate stoically as is the way with the Chinese. It is the insistence on interesting types like this in his screen productions, however, which introduces such striking Oriental realism into the Hayakawa pictures.

And there is the Chinese bedroom scene in "The Vermilion Pencil." It was supposed to be one of the apartments of a Chinese royal family. The queer Chinese architecture beggars description from an Occidental pen. A luxurious bed, the kind used only by Chinese of high rank, was built by studio craftsmen and was an object of the greatest interest for those not familiar with life and customs of the Far East. The bed looks as though it might be intended for a sedan chair, except that there are no handles by which it may be borne. It looks also something like the shell of a snail. It is circular except at the bottom, which is flattened to give a level surface for the bedding. The interior of the circular canopy is lined with the finest rose-colored silk, while the whole is draped with black silk fringe.

For the filming of "Five Days to Live," another Hayakawa picture in which Mrs. Hayakawa played opposite her husband, the two loaned many of their valuable household treasures to give atmosphere to the sets.

In "Where Lights Are Low," another of his pictures, there is a water garden which is an exact duplicate of a garden on the estate of a wealthy mandarin in China. While he is now a resident of America and proud of it, Hayakawa makes a trip to his native land, Japan, every once in a while and always comes back laden with priceless art treasures. Mrs. Hayakawa is the possessor of thousands of dollars worth of rare kimono purchased in Japan. Some of these she wears in "Five Days to Live."

In the furnishing of his home in Hollywood, "Castle Glengarry," Hayakawa has brought to bear all his knowledge of art. From the four corners of the earth, from old and forgotten civilizations, he has garnered a treasure house of beauty. There are rugs from the Orient whose secrets of color and texture passed on with their makers; there are tapestries from the chateaus of French rulers that are worth their weight in gold; pictures from the brushes of Rembrandt, Van Dyke and more modern painters.

"I have never brought a single thing into my home which I did not feel would in some way uplift and inspire," says the owner of all these treasures.

Many distinguished Oriental visitors come to call on Mr. and Mrs. Hayakawa. A recent one of note was Viscount Eiichia Shibuswa, Japan's richest man, who was on his way home from the Disarmament Conference. The Marquis and Marchioness Nakanomakado, the former Master of Ceremonies at the Imperial Court of Japan, were also recent visitors. They were on their way home from a world tour in which they visited the principal courts of Europe. Both speak English fluently. They were greatly interested in seeing how motion pictures are made.

The Marquis was especially interested in the mob scene in "The Vermilion Pencil." He knows something of mobs himself. As a part of his duties in the service of the Mikado of Japan he is called upon to arrange every year three formal dinners at which there are some three thousand guests. All of the guests must be served simultaneously.





# Young Eustace Models

Being a few remarks by the Office Boy



This isn't Eustace—but they look alike at that!

IT'S kinda funny for me to be sittin' here at the typewriter, peckin' out a story for PANTOMIME. It's funny because the Boss is always sayin' it takes brains to write—and he's all the time tellin' me that brains is exactly what I ain't got.

Accordin' to the Boss, a office boy ain't supposed to know anything, or see anything, or hear anything—except when somebody wants something. And that's most of the time.

It's all Chinese talk to me. Sometimes I try to tell the Boss what to do—and right away he bawls me out. Then, maybe, a couple of days later, he'll say: "Eustace, what would you do in a case like this?"—and he'll tell me about some fool thing that don't interest me none at all. Besides, I'll be thinkin' about that last bawlin' out I got. So I'll tell him: "I don't know, Boss. I don't know nothin' about it."

And when I say that, he gets red; and cusses, and wants to know how I get along with a head that reminds him of what he calls "the trackless wastes of the frozen North."

Why, do you know what he says to me the other day?

"Eustace," he says, "your mother must love you an awful lot."

"I guess she does," I answers, "but why?"

"Because," says the Boss, "otherwise she'd have never let you live."

Another time, he says to me: "Eustace," he says, "you interest me. You do indeed."

"I'm glad of that, Boss," I says, "but howcum?"

"Because," says the Boss, "you are a living example of the necessity for birth control."

And that's the way it goes.

But I don't mind much. As a matter of fact, I don't pay no attention at all, hardly, to the Boss's gettin' wild. Ravin' and cussin' is about the best things he does—but like Goldberg, the cartoonist, says, "they don't mean anything."

Besides, when I want two bits, or a pass to take my little wren to the movies, I know where to get 'em.

I got special reasons for not payin' no attention to any cracks about my not knowin' nothin'. Because, just between me and you, I know as much about this here Pantomime office as the whole bunch of 'em put together. I know even more than the Boss does—because he don't know what the others are doin'—not all the time, anyhow. And I do. I even know what's in the letters marked "personal and confidential."

Howcum I know so much? Easy!\*

That ol' waste basket!

After the bunch is gone, in the evenin', and I'm stayin' behind to police-up desks—that "police-up" is army talk for "clean"—I go through the waste-baskets and I get out them letters, and piece 'em together, and get one big eyeful.

I was tellin' my buddy about it the other day, and he asks me ain't I scared I'll get caught sometime, and get fired.

"Sam," I says—my buddy's name is Sam—"I got so much on everybody in that office, that they can't afford to fire me. They're the ones that ought to be scared."

And that's the truth, too. F'r instance, readin' them waste-basket letters has made me know all about a certain little lady that writes awful sweet to the Boss. I don't know her last name, but her first name is "with-all-my-heart, Blanche."

And I know the Boss has got a wife whose name ain't nothin' like that at all.

Still another thing—a couple of weeks back, they were pullin' a lot of mystery stuff. Conferences in the Boss's private office, with the door shut, and talkin' so soft nobody could hear through.

Huh! I got every bit of the dope that same evenin'! They was mappin' out that \$22,000 contest. I even found the figures about how much they were goin' to spend for the six big automobiles, and them ninety-four talkin' machines they're givin' away.

From what the cars and talkin' machines cost, they must be pretty nifty—but I don't see no reason for bein' so secret about it, at that.

Still, and all, it ain't such a bad job—this workin' for a movie magazine. You sure do get a chance to look over some swell dames—movie queens, and near queens, and he-stars, and everything. They're all the time coming in—every day. 'Course they always say they just dropped in for a little chat. But I know the truth. They really come in to handshake the Boss, so he'll write nice things about 'em.

Even the Boss knows that. He's got to, because I told him so.

And I'll let you in on a secret. The Boss, and the Associate too, is heaps nicer to the girl stars than they are to the men.

The other day, for instance, a swell blonde named Alma Taylor come in. She's a English movie star over here on a visit. Over in England, the Boss says, they call her "The British Mary Pickford."

Well, anyhow, I happened to know the Boss was extra busy that day puttin' a edition to bed—that's the way us professionals say sendin' the magazine to press. But you'd never thought he was busy if you'd a-seen him when she come in. He just drops everything, and smiles sweeter than I thought was in him—and winds up by takin' her out motor ridin' through Central Park.

What's that? Certainly he didn't hire no car. He's too darned cheap. That baby gets everything for nothin'. He just calls up the Crow-Elkhart people, that's sellin' PANTOMIME them six cars they're givin' away. He tells 'em who he is, and what he wants to do—and they send him a big car right down, free-for-nothin', just like that.

And here's the funny part of it. He comes back grinnin' all over, and don't say a word about catchin' me smokin' one of his cigarets. Later I hears him talkin' to his associate.

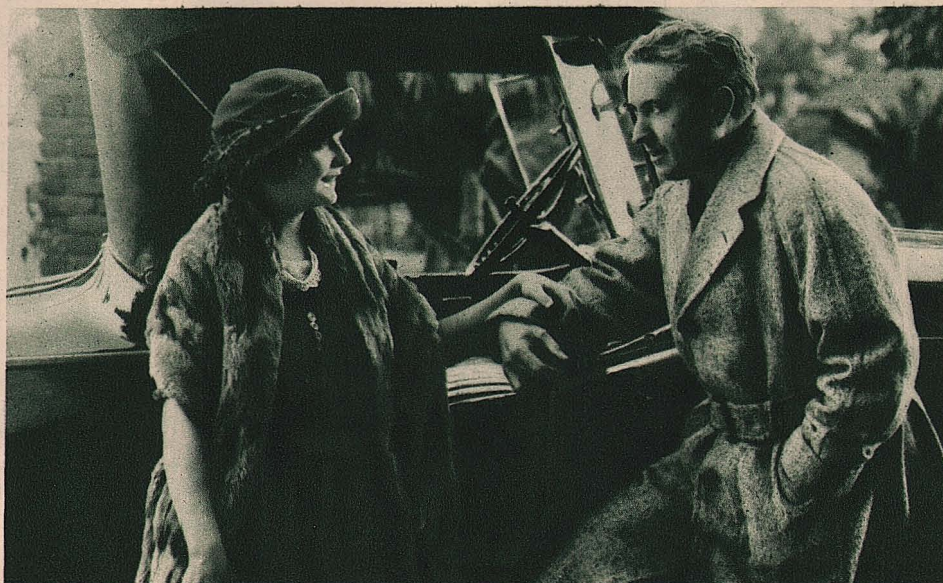
"Pretty good afternoon," he says. "Miss Taylor liked that car so much she's gonna buy it. And when she does, I'm gonna make them Crow-Elkhart people pay me a commission."

Can you beat it? The best part of an afternoon ridin' through the park with a peach of a movie queen—and then gettin' paid for it!

I think when I get a little older, I'll be an editor myself. They get it goin' an' comin'.

## Stars in the \$22,000 Race

| Name                                | Votes |
|-------------------------------------|-------|
| A. Buba, Braddock, Pa.              | 30    |
| P. D. J. Beekman, New York City     | 30    |
| A. Conite, Newark, N. J.            | 30    |
| L. M. Kinney, Lander, Wyo.          | 30    |
| J. W. Martin, Fairmont, West Va.    | 30    |
| W. Norton, Fall River, Mass.        | 30    |
| J. P. Oppenheim, New York City      | 30    |
| E. A. Small, Washington, D. C.      | 30    |
| M. Small, Washington, D. C.         | 30    |
| D. Totaro, Eldorado, Ill.           | 30    |
| T. Abramovich, West Winfield, Pa.   | 30    |
| A. Grgric, Pittsburgh, Pa.          | 30    |
| M. Hoch, Brooklyn, N. Y.            | 30    |
| V. Hlaj, Ganister, Pa.              | 30    |
| J. C. Kustra, Chicopee Falls, Mass. | 30    |
| G. F. Lucic, Milwaukee, Wis.        | 30    |
| H. Grabowski, New Market, N. H.     | 30    |
| O. Beard, McLeansboro, Ill.         | 30    |
| E. Burroughs, Chatham, Ont., Can.   | 30    |
| R. Cosson, Grand Rapids, Mich.      | 30    |
| J. W. Craig, Boise, Idaho           | 30    |
| R. Davis, Red Bay, Ala.             | 30    |
| D. Hoffman, New York City           | 30    |
| E. S. Hoover, Gretna, Nebr.         | 30    |
| J. Kirsche, New York City           | 30    |
| G. A. Lane, Fonda, Iowa             | 30    |
| W. D. Morrison, Parkersburg, W. Va. | 30    |
| S. Miller, Chicago, Ill.            | 30    |
| J. Phillips, Chicago, Ill.          | 30    |
| L. Rumpakis, Portland, Ore.         | 30    |



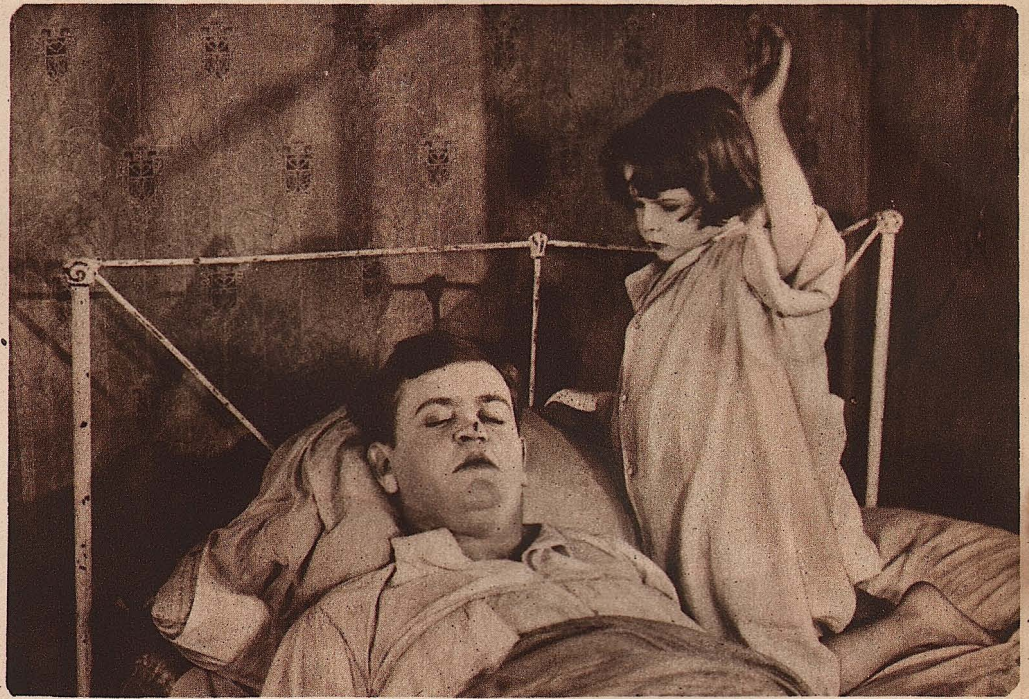
Enid Bennett and Fred Niblo starting on a morning spin.



## Big Moments in Pictures



'At last! One of literature's most famous er—disrobed ladies has been brought to the screen. No, not a Sennett girl, but Lady Godiva, herself. You know, the lady who rode through her town on a horse, and very close to nature, that the people might be saved from something or other. She had a lover, too, and, oh, she was a very interesting lady. In this scene from the picture Hedda Vernon is Lady Godiva and Toni Zinnerrer has her in his arms.



Lloyd Hamilton, the Educational-Mermaid comedian, is in for a big moment here, at the hands of Robert De Vilbiss, who is about to chastise an audacious fly that is making free with Lloyd's nose while he slumbers. We fear Robert will annoy Mr. Hamilton far more than the fly. This is a scene from "Rolling Stones."



"For the Defense" is the name of Ethel Clayton's latest picture for Paramount. Looks as though she and Vernon Steele are ready for a strenuous defense in this scene, eh? It's one of those tense, dramatic tales that Miss Clayton excels in. Zasu Pitts is one of the principals in "For the Defense," and is said to do the best work of her career.



This is a wicked punch the athletic Frank Mayo is delivering against the features of the villain of the piece. It's a scene from "Across the Dead Line," Mayo's latest, soon to be released by Universal. The husky Frank seems to have put plenty of enthusiasm behind this wallop, and the villain has no enviable job.



# Features You Haven't Seen



Talk about all-star casts! Take a look at this scene from "Beyond the Rainbow," the latest R-C picture. Reading from left to right, the principals are Walter Miller, Edmund Breese, Helen Ware, Diana Allen, Huntley Gordon, Marguerite Courtot, Billie Dove, Macey Harlam, Charles Craig and James Harrison.

This dainty-looking young lady may be a cave girl, as the title of her picture implies, but she's certainly found a counterpart cave man in this scene from "The Cave Girl," soon to be released. Teddie Gerard, a new light on the screen horizon, is the star. She is in the arms of Boris Karloff, the villain. Charles Meredith is in the cast.



Richard Barthelmess hopes to duplicate the tremendous success he registered in his first starring picture, "Tol'able David," in his next feature, "All at Sea," soon to be released by First National. He seems all at sea in more ways than one in this scene with Louise Huff, his leading woman.



One of the nice things about having a fight in a picture is that the heroine is always on the job with the soft-voiced sympathy. Pauline Starke is here condoling with Thomas Meighan for the hurts he received in his newest Paramount tale, "If You Believe It, It's So." Of course, if one is a villain, that's different!



"THAT'S because you are here," Barry replied, and Kathleen dismissed the banality with a light "incorrigible." Then Watkins came in with the tea, and Kathleen busied herself in serving it.

Clive stood over her, smiling, watching her every movement with a look of tenderness in his eyes. Suddenly his expression changed. The smile slipped from his face, and the power of his desire for her was mirrored there. Evidently distracted from her tea-pouring by the intensity of the gaze Clive directed at her, the smiling Kathleen glanced up, and for the first time saw the face of a new Barry Clive. She shrank away a bit as he leaned closer.

"This is where you belong—here, at my fireside."

His words were ardent, passionate, and he held her eyes with his. Bewilderedly, she started to her feet.

"Barry—why, Barry . . . she stammered, incredulously, truly astounded. She stood facing him as he started round the table. With a running step he was at her side and gathered her into his arms. "Barry, please—" she started to reason with him, but he was beyond reasoning with. He crushed her to him. She tried vainly to push him from her, and then threw her hand across her mouth. Anger flooded her like a storm.

"Let me go, Barry. I shouldn't have come."

Her voice brought him to his senses, and she struggled free. Barry, his arms at his sides, walked dejectedly to the fireplace. He was the picture of utter dejection as he leaned his head against the mantel. "What a brute, what a fool I am!" she heard him mutter. He turned to Kathleen, who was agitatedly gathering up her wraps. She started to leave, and he sought to stop her.

"Kathleen," he called, "Oh, forgive me. I was stupid. . . . I lost

# Grand Larceny

FROM THE STORY

By Albert Payson Terhune

PART IV

Anixter was again the primitive man that fights and kills for his mate.

Quietly, with the stealth of the deliberate murderer, his hand reached back into the hall, to a Chinese table that stood just beside the doorway. His fingers closed about the hilt of a heavy Chinese dagger, and he brought the weapon to his side. As he looked sidelong at the knife, the primitive man inside him exultant with the anticipation of the struggle that would mean death to the despoiler of his home, Anixter's legal mind suddenly took possession of his consciousness.

"Why should I kill this man?" his legal mind reasoned. Then there crept through his mind a diabolical plan, directed by the legal methodicalness that had gotten to be second nature to him. "Revenge," the legal John Anixter telegraphed to the primitive John Anixter. And the Chinese dagger slipped from his fingers to the floor.

Barry and Kathleen sprang apart as the knife fell. Apprehensively, the two faced the doorway, and they saw John.

Not a word was spoken by either of the three. The silence was a painful, throbbing thing, tangible, shot through with impending tragedy. Anixter's eyes, deadly cold, calculatingly menacing, watched them grimly. The guilty pair watched him equally silent, guilt and fear depicted on their faces.

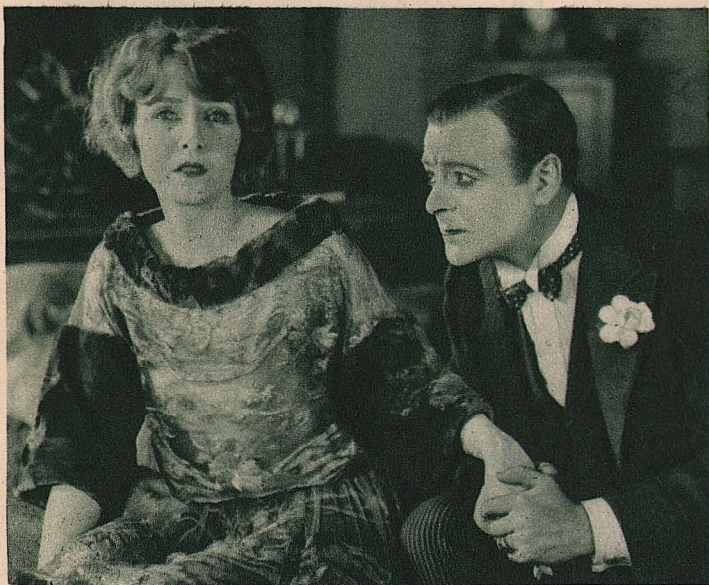
Kathleen wet her lips. She assumed a defiant air.

"Well . . . she began, but her throat tightened as she saw the look of cold contempt on her husband's face. Barry was trembling slightly, for the silence of John, a figure of doom as he faced them, was a thing of terror. Kathleen could stand it no longer. Half hysterically, scarce realizing her words, she said:

"I didn't expect . . . expect you home . . . until next week."

Her voice trailed into nothingness. John sneered.

"Evidently," was his only remark. The word was ominous, charged with meaning. The two eyed him narrowly as he started slowly toward them. John came to within a few feet of them, approaching without a



"I have been through hell since you left," Barry told her.

my head. . . . Don't go, please don't go. Give me one more chance.

Let me show you that

Kathleen shook her head.

"I'm sorry, Barry, it all had to end like this." She hesitated a moment.

Then, "Good-bye," she said. And was gone.

It was dark when Kathleen reached home. She went straight to the library desk, selected a telegraph blank, and wrote:

"John Anixter,

"Hotel Blackstone,

"Chicago.

"If you are detained longer than Saturday will join you. Love, Kathleen."

She had no sooner finished the message than a noise in the hallway attracted her attention. She saw Barry Clive entering. He had given his hat and coat to the butler and had come to the library to seek her. Kathleen got to her feet, her face mirroring the fear in her heart. When she saw his haggard, white face, a slight trace of pity could be seen in her eyes. Neither spoke for a few seconds. Then, Clive said, desperately:

"I tell you, this can't be the end! Oh, Kathleen, I have been through hell since you left. Kathleen

Kathleen's face was filled with pity as she averted her eyes, speaking as though trying to convince herself.

"But it must be, Barry. We can't go on like this. I'm John's wife—"

His hoarse cry stopped her.

"Don't say that! Don't say that!"

He took her roughly by the shoulders, and, looking deeply into her eyes, said:

"Look at me! You know we were made for each other!"

The mad intensity of the man swept her off her feet, and it was but weakly that she strove to push him from her as he took her into his arms the second time that day. His lips met hers. Her hands fell limply to her sides in surrender, and her mouth clung to his: all thought of resistance



"Look at me," said he. "You know we were made for each other."

word. For a moment he gazed, straight-eyed, at Barry, then turned the terrible look on Kathleen. The terrible silence was too much for Kathleen. She felt that she must speak, or go into ungovernable hysteria.

"What do you want me to do—beg for mercy?"

John looked at her steadily, piercingly, wordless. Kathleen realized that she had admitted her guilt and could never explain. John turned to Barry.

"And you?" he asked, his voice a menace. "What about you?"

"I love her and I'm willing to pay!"

Barry assumed a defiant air, and John laughed with contempt, as he told him with narrowed eyes:

"So must every other thief when he is caught—willing to pay anything to get free. You're like all the rest of them."

John checked Barry as the latter started forward at the insult.

"Don't be melodramatic—you're cheap enough as it is. A lover has no standing against a husband. You're a thief, and a wife-thief is the lowest breed."

A low moan escaped Kathleen, who had taken a few steps away from



# GRAND LARCENY

A Goldwyn Picture from the Story

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Kathleen Vaughn . . . . . Claire Windsor  
John Anixter . . . . . Elliott Dexter  
Barry Clive . . . . . Lowell Sherman  
Franklin . . . . . Richard Tucker  
Thad . . . . . Tom Gallery  
Harkness Boyd . . . . . Roy Atwell  
Emerson . . . . . John Cossar

first time she realized how very much she loved her husband, and that she did not want to marry Barry Clive. John did not even look toward the agonized woman, but continued to Clive:

"You have stolen my wife from me; I can never be robbed of her again—but she can be stolen from you . . . a hundred times!"

Infuriated, Clive started to protest, but John, smiling derisively, continued:

"A woman who can be stolen from one man can be stolen from another!"

He stopped. His cunning lawyer brain knew the quality of the poison which had been poured into the ears of his enemy.

"Don't go too far," Barry spoke through clenched teeth. But Anixter, with a contemptuous movement, turned and walked toward Kathleen.

"A man who will steal one man's wife will steal another's!"

The suffering woman looked at him mutely, pleadingly.

"Remember that," he went on. "You'll have good cause to remember it some day."

John weakened when he saw Kathleen's head sink forward, a look of abject woe on her face. But he became again relentless as she raised her face toward him.

"I'll put this in the hands of Veaden and Veaden," he went on. "They'll supply professional evidence and you can divorce me. There will be no scandal for you."

Kathleen looked at him pleadingly, but said nothing, though her eyes flashed the plea: "Why must you do this?" There was a curious expression

the men. John turned toward Kathleen, while Barry looked straight before him.

"My trust in you has made it possible for him to steal you," he told her. Then, turning to Clive, he asked quietly:

"Do you want to marry her?"

Kathleen could not repress a cry, half horror, half pain. She was being bartered! For the

Barry looked at Kathleen, but she kept her gaze on the door through which John had just walked.

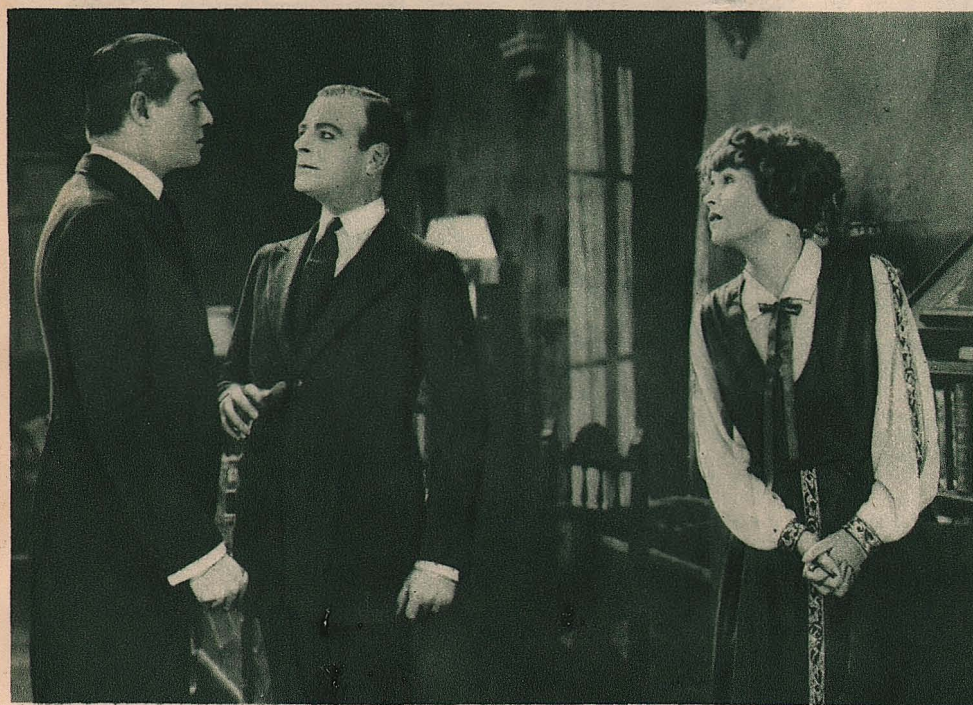
"Kathleen," he began, but she did not look up, and he made his way out of the house.

Kathleen half fell over on to the sofa. Through the dark she sat there for hours, half crazed with fear and grief and the horror that surrounds the uncertainty of the immediate future.

In his room John had feverishly thrown some things into a bag. The door into his wife's room, adjoining his, was open. He stepped to the threshold and looked in. His eye fell upon one of Kathleen's skirts draped over the back of a chair. A lacy, fluffy affair, redolent of all her feminine



John was again relentless, as Kathleen raised her face to his.



"My wife can be stolen from you—a hundred times." John smiled derisively.

on Anixter's face as he spoke, as though he were answering her unspoken question:

"You remember—I told you once before—grand larceny must be punished. There's no escape from the moral law."

Kathleen knew he was referring to Jar e Warren. Her mind flashed back to the day he had been adamant to tears and pleadings of Mrs. Warren, and she knew that it would be useless to attempt to make John change his mind. Her pride would not allow her to plead. She threw back her head with the movement of a true patrician, and John bowed very courteously, and started for the door. They both watched him. At the door he turned and faced them. His eyes were filled with cruelty as he spoke, directing his remark to Clive:

"I wonder who will be the first to steal her from you?"

And smiling ironically, he left the room and made his way up the stairs.

charms. Unconsciously he reached his hand toward it, as though to take up the delicate folds. Then, as though suddenly recovering himself, he drew back with a cry, slammed the door to, and bolted it. He had much difficulty in composing himself, and to quiet his jumping nerves he began to pace the floor, walking back and forth across the room like a caged animal.

Kathleen, in the room below, was half distracted with her fears and her grief. From time to time she glanced apprehensively at the ceiling above her, from whence came the regular beat of her husband's feet as he paced his interminable walk.

It was all so absurd, so tragically unnecessary. That was the phrase that kept tumbling through her seething brain as she sat in the dark, her lethargy giving away to an uncontrollable nervousness, agitated by the monotony of her husband's tramping feet.

Breaking into a hysterical laugh, she jumped up, and took a turn round the library. Then, with an air of sudden decision, she went into the hall.

"I can show him how absurd this all is," she told herself. "Oh, I must have a few words with him. . . . I must."

For a time she stood at the foot of the steps, working up her courage. She forced a frightened smile to her lips, and muttering words of encouragement to herself, she ran quickly up the steps. Dashing into her room, she ran to the door connecting with John's room, and knocked firmly, still bravely smiling. At the sound, John stopped his pacing, stood in his tracks, stared at the door.

Kathleen knocked again. No answer. Alarmed, she called, "John." Her smile weakened, and fear crept back into her eyes. "John, I want to talk to you." And yet no answer. John, his face set, remained staring at the door.

Kathleen, frantic by this time, started pounding on the door. She tried the knob, and found the door bolted against her. Frantically she pounded and called to John.

"Let me in, John, I must talk to you. Oh, how foolish, how absurd, how criminally absurd this is!"

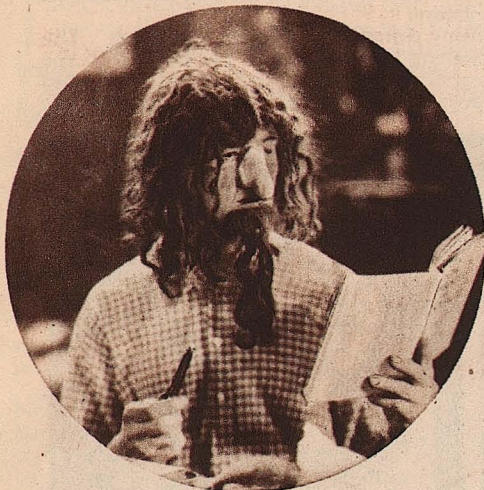
John, moved by her pleading, stepped softly to the door. His hand went to the bolt and he started to pull it back. Then, his face setting again, he turned away, rushed to the bed, snatched up his hat, bag and coat, and rushed from the room, leaving by the door opening on the hallway.

(To be continued)



# When a Feller's Stage-Struck

By Charlie Ray's Press Agent



With a wad of putty, and guided by diagrams "A" and "F" of his book, he was "making up" a false nose.

BEING stage-struck, say those who have experienced the sensation, is something like having the measles. One just catches it, without knowing how or why. Or, to use another simile, one acquires the yearning to act, to enter the profession, to follow a career behind the foot-lights, to see one's physiognomy on the bill-boards much as a colored brother "gets religion" at a Georgia camp-meeting. He doesn't go out to meet it but they get together anyway.

With this difference, however: Religious fervor, acquired in revival times, sometimes proves fleeting, evanescent, whereas the stage germ seeks and obtains permanent lodgment. Unlike vaccination, it always "takes."

Somewhere back in his boyhood days, which, of course, weren't so very many years ago, the virus got into Charlie Ray's system, and all the insistent protests of Charlie's father, who regarded a ledger as a literary work better fitted for youthful perusal than a cue-book, were powerless to steer him from the path of glory, which callow youth so affected knew to be the thoroughfare terminating at the door marked

"Stage Entrance." It is because Charlie had been stung by the "play-acting" bug, and because he overcame the parental obstacles, distributed with such solicitous but mistaken regard, that we are able to number him among our picture stars today.

One of many factors contributing to Ray's popularity on the screen is his habit of injecting the unexpected into his pictures. In his newest offering, "The Barnstormer," he leads the public back behind the scenes and reveals some of the mysteries of the gentle art of making-up. Audiences will want to think that this story is, in a broad sense at least, autobiographical. Whatever liberties may be taken with facts in matters of detail, the conviction is certain to persist that the youthful Charlie, so revealed, is the real youthful Charlie living those kid days over again.

But of course Charlie doesn't make up in this picture as he really makes up for pictures. One suspects that the grease-paint wasn't bought in a Broadway drug store and one knows that putty is not an actual part of Ray's facial adornment, even in the films.

Yet, because this star once harbored the very yearnings that Joel—that's his name in "The Barnstormer"—now entertains, and had to resort to much the same means to insure secrecy in the pursuit of his art, audiences are sure to be impressed by the realism of the scenes.

Joel, too, is a country town boy, who knows nature intended him to be an actor, and whose ambition soars to heights never attained by Booth or Barrett or Mantell. Instead of slipping behind the barn to wallow in the recorded exploits of Richard Merriwell or Nicholas Carter, we find him ensconced in the privacy of his own bedroom study, absorbed in the revised edition of Somebody or Other's "How to Make Up for the Stage," profusely illustrated. He has purloined a nice juicy wad of putty from the Blue Front Paint Shop, and, guided by Diagrams A and F of his text-book, is fashioning his nose to harmonize with the classic lines of Shylock's olfactory organ. For a wig and a beard he has appropriated a switch from Ma's dressing-table, or, to retain the vernacular of the times and the place, her bureau.

All of this, of course, by way of preparation for his life's career. In the fulness of time things happen. Joel connects with a real barnstorming troupe and serves a most profitable apprenticeship as scene-shifter, baggage-smasher and piano-player. A bandit holds up the audience one night and Joel heroically saves the situation—and the jewels. He catches the robber, who proves to be none other than the leading man of the company. Logically, when this leading man goes to the calaboose there is a vacancy at the theatre, and then Joel—but why tell the whole story?

Also, there is a pretty little girl concerned in the plot and among all the admirers of the stage hero, who has proved himself a hero in real life

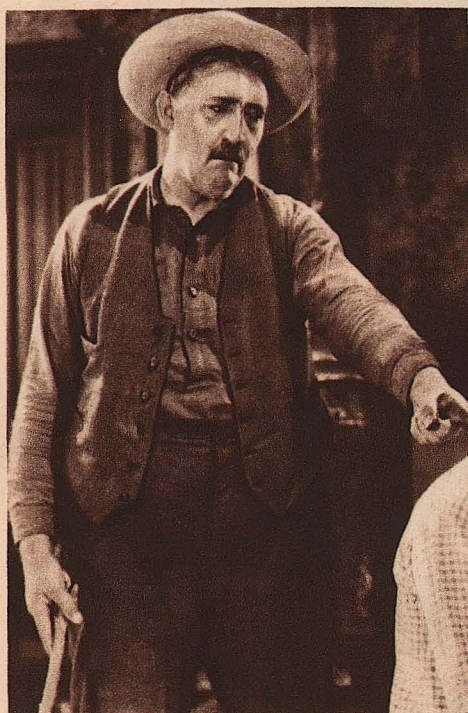


He takes you behind the scenes of a real barnstorming troupe.

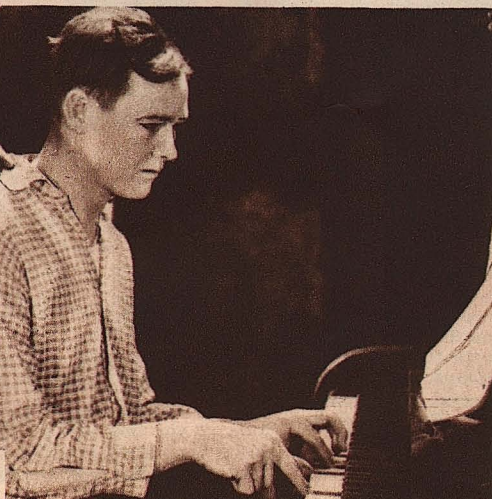
also, she is not the least. The romance, the comedy, the occasional touches of pathos, all contribute to the construction of this unusual tale.

Where the Ray autobiography ends and the make-believe begins is not revealed, but the important fact remains that not only Ray but virtually every member of his cast was once a real barnstormer and knows from actual experience just what life on the kerosene circuit is.

So there is no questioning the realism of it all. It's a sure-enough glimpse back in the wings. And, best of all, it reveals Charlie Ray as a small-town boy again.



He served an apprenticeship as a piano player.



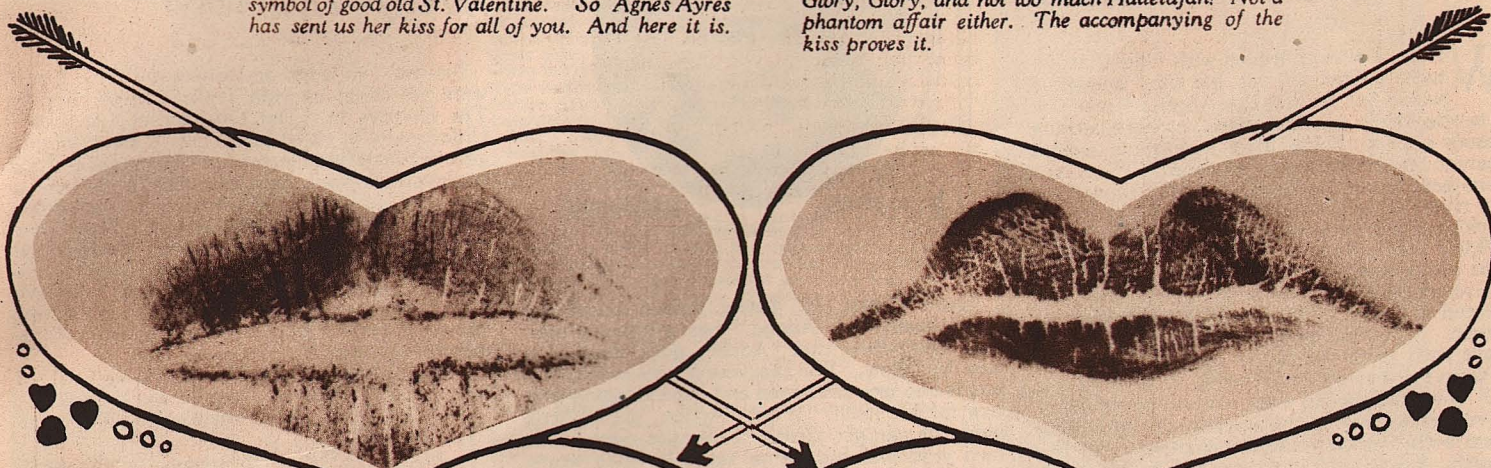
One night a bandit held up the audience—and made the actors collect for him.



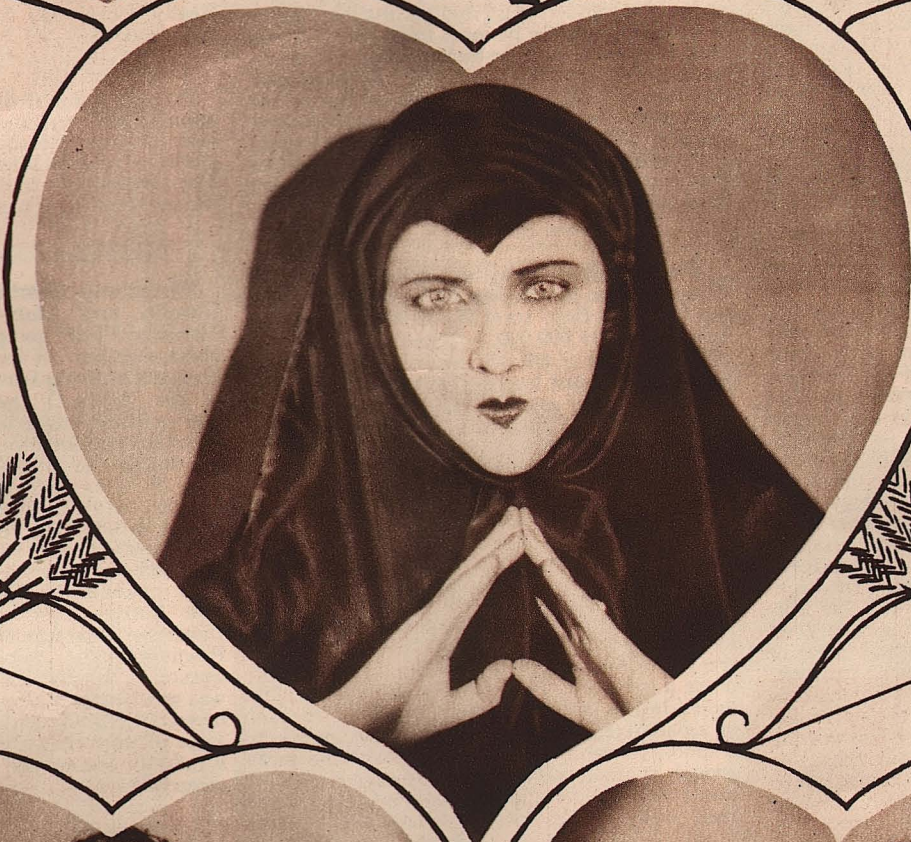
# Hearts and Kisses

Kisses go with hearts, and hearts are the living symbol of good old St. Valentine. So Agnes Ayres has sent us her kiss for all of you. And here it is.

Gloria Swanson, too, sends a kiss. Oh, man! Glory, Glory, and not too much Hallelujah! Not a phantom affair either. The accompanying of the kiss proves it.



Below is one of a series of poses symbolical of the day of the good kissing Saint, posed for PANTOMIME readers by the petite and altogether adorable Jacqueline Logan. Jacqueline knows something about posing. This one, in particular, would make most any masculine heart act like a Ford engine laboring on a hill.



Just to show she's willing to share a good thing, Jacqueline below holds out her heart for your inspection. She seems rather fond of her own heart. But then, she probably has a right to be fond of it. You see, it's all her very own, so far. Which is to say that no horrid man has gathered it in—yet!



In the center is what might very well be a model for some painter with a perceptive brush; a brush tinged with the essence of beauty—alluring charm. It is Miss Logan again—only different!



# Pantomime

By Myrtle Gebhart



# Paragraphs

from Hollywood

WELL, I always argued with folks that if I were spared to this life long enough I would yet see the Los Angeles River wet. It is—decidedly. Wetter than ever was a bathing beauty's suit! Some folks here have waited years to see this dry-dock moistened. The recent rains here in our "sunny California" caused the dry river-bed to fill and back up into Universal's back yard, carrying away with its swirling waters \$29,000 worth of 'sets,' including Monte Carlo, that playground of the "Foolish Wives." The Universal folks got real peeved at the river and treated it rough with dynamite to change its course. What in the dickens did they want to plant their studio on top of a river for, even if it wasn't a wet one? Anyway, it gave all the "U" stars a chance to wade out and prove themselves heroes, saving the smaller sets by lashing them with hawsers and pulling them in by the hearth. I didn't go out to see the fun—there are times when I prefer my own fireside and this was one—besides I feared I mightn't withstand the shock of seeing Herb Rawlinson in boots and slicker. But they tell me that House Peters, Herb, Art Acord, Hoot Gibson, Frank Mayo, Elmo Lincoln and the other he-folks were right brave about it. But why bother with the rest?—seems to me Elmo Lincoln might have picked up the whole works on his shoulders and carried it to safety atop Mount Baldy.

\* \* \*

The local American Legion staged a revival of "Pinafore," the Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera, with Clyde Cook as the *Admiral*, Jim Connelly as *Dick Dead Eye* and Lucille Rickson as "midshipmite." Al St. John was announcer extraordinaire and helped the fun along. There were songs and boxing-matches. Herb Rawlinson paced the quarterdeck with his ukelele. The sailors all came, though some of them had to swim for it, their boat having capsized in the storm. By the way, Herb, being of English birth and wearing his dimples well in high society, was chosen as chairman of a committee of motion picture folk to entertain officers and crews of British warships that put into our harbor for the event. He showed the visitors the beaches—with no bathing beauties out, on account of the rain, for they feared they might get wet—and Joe Martin and Universal City. Also he fed 'em. They always do feed folks when they come here. Hope they have good doctors on those ships—the censors had awful attacks of colic on their way back East.

\* \* \*

Viola Dana, known as one of our prominent city-heifers, has gone back to Nature's Own. She's up in a mountain rough-and-ready lumber camp at Shaver Lake, filming scenes for "Daphne's Disposition." I guess she loses the disposition in the lumber-camp—I would.

\* \* \*

The war's on again—over at Metro. Gareth Hughes is playing an overseas hero, a red-blooded ribbon-clerk, who gets into a scrape because he writes a young lady letters instead of killing Boches. "Don't Write Letters" is the name of the comedy-drama and it and the studio lot are full of trenches. And the trenches today are full of very wet water, after the recent rain, which makes it nice and gooey for Gareth. Envy him?

Harry Carey, Jr., better known about the Carey ranch as "Adobe," has a private cow. And everywhere that "Adobe" goes, the cow is sure to follow. For the young gentleman, you see, is but six months old and depends upon that cow for life itself. When "Adobe" gets a little older, he can get plenty of exercise right in his own yard and his mama won't have to worry about him wandering off and getting lost, for by the time he reaches his own front gate—a mile from the porch—he'll be tuckered out. When he wants a real exploration tour he can investigate his dad's 17,000 acre ranch and swing on the back gate—just seventeen miles from the house. "Adobe" is a reg'lar fellow already. He swings with wicked glee a string of blacksnake rattles that some gentle soul with no ear for harmony fixed for him.

\* \* \*

The mathematics-guy was busy over at the Coogan studio figuring up such things as "Rentals from 'My Boy,' total \$5,000,000. The public will pay in \$15,000,000." I found Jackie 'way off in a corner of the set, mournfully regarding his very small cast iron pig savings bank. "How'll I ever get it all in here?" he wailed. "But Jackie," I reminded, "there are big banks where you can leave it—". "Nope!" he shook his head decidedly. "They go bust. I'll have to buy lots more of these little banks and fill 'em and lock 'em up somewheres."

\* \* \*

Bert Lytell reverses himself in his new picture. He had a far-away, sort of regretful look in his eye yesterday when he told me he had forsworn the ways of crookdom for a badge, now that he plays a detective. He rifled safes, society and ladies' hearts in five pictures. And now he says he's glad to test out that old theory that "it takes a crook to catch a crook." "I have learned enough of crook tricks in earlier pictures—I certainly ought to be a good detective!" But any man would reform for Ora Carew and Sylvia Breamer.

\* \* \*

Several riders were slightly injured making the spectacular steeplechase scenes for "The Hottentot." Douglas MacLean and Madge Bellamy are co-starred. I went home and thanked my mother for bringing me up in a nice quiet place like Texas where horses, though often wicked, at least stay on the ground.

\* \* \*



Madge Bellamy is a lady "Hottentot"

Bessie Love is celebrating. She says she knows now how the troops felt on Armistice Day. She has completed "The Vermilion Pencil," with Hayakawa, and was required to ornament an executioner's block, be tied to the stake and listen to a volcano with the stomachache.

Norma Talmadge and director Frank Lloyd were searching in vain for a woman to play *The Duchess* in "The Duchess of Langeais." Unfortunately, titled ladies out of work congregate in Switzerland instead of Hollywood and our boulevard flappers lack the poise a duchess is supposed to have. (Don't they ever make duchesses and princesses little?) They were interviewing hopeless extras and, during their colloquy, sent the girls into a corner so the scrub-women might clean up. Suddenly a superb form of undoubted grace and dignity of bearing appeared behind a transparent screen, silhouetted by the lights.

"There's our duchess, Miss Talmadge!" Lloyd was jubilant. "Call her from behind the screen."

The "duchess" moved into sight, pail in hand. "You ban call me?"

Did the scrub-woman get the part? Really, I can't say. Norma fainted about that time, I think.

\* \* \*

Buster Keaton dedicated his new studio with appropriate ceremonies, including its christening with a bottle of coca cola. It's a 1922 twin-six affair, and has all kinds of comedy contraptions. The old Chaplin studio was bought and razed and the new film-factory erected at a cost of \$75,000.

\* \* \*

By the way, Charlie Chaplin and Mabel Normand are going about together. At the premiere showing here of her "Molly-O" he was quite enthusiastic about her performance. All during the screening of the picture, Charlie, sitting next to Mabel, would turn to her, exclaiming delightedly—in that carefully modulated tone that carries over a theatre—"Marvelous! Re-mark-able! Exquisite!" Whether he was speaking of Mabel, herself or Mabel's acting, I couldn't gather, but I got the idea that Charlie was *interested*, to put it mildly. But maybe it's just a hang-over from comedy days.

\* \* \*

Doris May wonders what she will have to do next. She has been riding a bicycle for scenes in "Boy Crazy" with Harry Myers pedaling her a close second. Unfortunately Doris spent more time in the ditch than on the wheel. Doris' starring plays are to deal mostly with that very interesting stage of woman's evolution called flapperhood and promise lots of good clean fun.

\* \* \*

Al Christie has taken a company, including Bobby Vernon, to Tia Juana. Al says he's going to take scenes there for a bull-fight comedy. Blah! I've been to Tia Juana myself. You get things there, but not comedy. Chiefly you get a stomachache.

\* \* \*

Neal Burns was all dressed up in silk tights and hanging from a fire-escape the other day, threatening any minute to pitch in through a window and sit upon Al Christie's desk. I stopped his acrobatics to ask him had he seen Juli-et around (Helen Darling) and he said maybe she had, but he hadn't and it was long past lunch time and blank-blank-blank—The gun was still popping when I sought shelter for my virtuous ears. There are no visible evidences at the Christie film-factory of the slump the sob-sisters are threatening.



Mabel Normand and Charlie Chaplin see much of each other.

\* \* \*



# A Plush Serenade

By Sally Vance

**SILKS. Furs. Orchids. Soft, sweet-smelling, intimate things. Pungent perfumes and luxury. A plush serenade. Gloria Swanson!**

All are synonymous. Gloria is unquestionably the most luxuriously dressed woman on the screen, having as bulwark to her sartorial indulgences the well-filled coffers of the Famous Players-Lasky organization, who dress their stars "prosperously"—to put it mildly. Often her film-robcs are *outré*, exaggerated, to express more clearly in the shadows the modern woman of fashion possessed of unlimited means, who allows her imagination to run riot in the selection of her wardrobe.

Gloria Swanson does not "follow the fashion." She creates the style! She pioneers new modes—and the Sisterhood of Society travels in her wake. While the fashion-originaiors but suggest to the women of America that such-and-such a thing will be "chic this season"—Gloria Swanson comes out in black and white and shows them the idea, etched sometimes in the extremes necessary to make realistic her characterization, but in such a manner as to render the new idea unforgettable. That that which looks beautiful on Gloria may not necessarily show off to such advantage on *themselves*, never enters into the calculations of the Sisterhood.

"Clothes to a woman should be more than a necessity, or even a luxury," said Gloria the other day, curled up amid the silken cushions of her dressing-room chaise-longue. "They should be her litany. She should study herself, her personality—and garb herself accordingly. But above all, beyond all, she should strive for daintiness, for feminine allure. To enhance her natural charm by means of wisely-chosen clothes, worn with a certain flair, is but a woman's duty. To be sure, I do not advocate extravagance. Every woman must realize the limitations of her own pocketbook—or the Gentleman of the House who furnishes it!—and buy within her means. But so much can be done—such exquisite results obtained—with such a little bit, does a woman but use the natural gifts of artistry and 'fixing things' nature has bequeathed her."

Her current picture, a story by Elinor Glyn, "Beyond the Rocks," will be her dressiest yet. And if you are acquainted with her cinematic past, as you most naturally are if you are more than six years old and in your right senses, you will realize that it will have to shine! She wears in the opening sequences a metal brocade wedding gown that is the most marvelous thing I ever have seen. She obligingly posed in it for some pictures for PANTOMIME, between scenes, and in some of the other costumes she wears, designed for her by Ethel Chaffin. Another day she was wearing a coat of Russian sables valued at \$75,000.



This gown is of white Salome vel. A. "Vamp stuff," eh?



This grey kitten's-ear crepe with Russian coat effect speaks for itself.



This wedding gown in "Beyond the Rocks" gives a moral tone to the opening of the tale.



A negligee of crepe de chine and ermine. Note the ear-muffs! They may be left off in tropical climes.



Some gentleman "made a monkey of himself" for Gloria's adornment



# Eating His Way to Fame

The Tale of Stanley and His Stomach

By Julia Flythe

STANLEY GOETHALS likes to eat. In fact, he has that perpetual craving for food in common with thousands of other little boys the world over. But Stanley is fast acquiring something the other little boys may never, never shake hands with: Fame. And he followed the bread route—and the pie and jam lanes—to his Opportunity.

How Stanley, his stomach and his Fame all happened to get mixed up together came about in this way: his father owns the Little Metro Café, a demi-tasse lunchroom across the street from the studio and patronized by its workers. Here every day congregate gastronomically stars, directors and technicians from the Metro "lot." And here, every day, would come Stanley. Stanley says he "helped" but Dad says about all he did was sneak cookies.

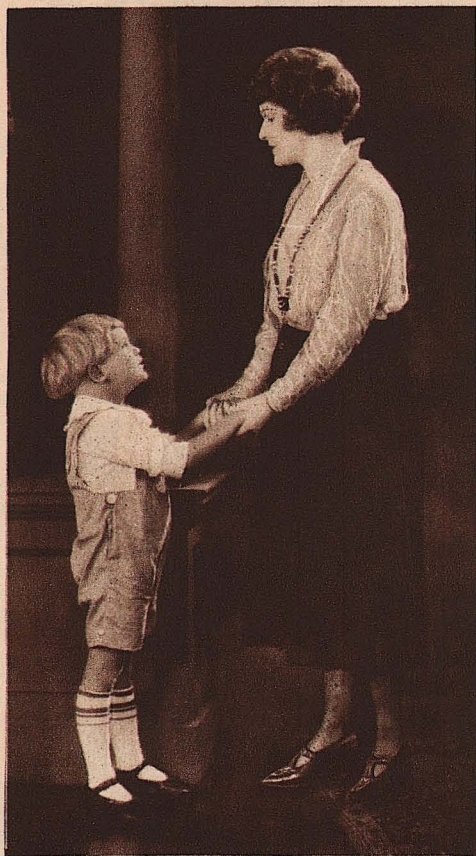
Anyway, one day came Bayard Veiller, who is director premiere in the Metro grotto, but who to Stanley's innocent mind is merely a Man. They got to chumming somewhere between the soup and pie, and by the time Mr. Veiller was puffing away at his cigar, he and Stanley were old friends. Stanley perforce attached himself to the director, in that way children have; so when Mr. Veiller returned to the "lot" the youngster just naturally trailed along.

"Whatcha do when you ain't eatin'?" inquired Stanley.

"Make movies," answered the director.

"Aw! I'd ruther do that than eat—almost," said Stanley.

Being at that moment in a good humor—directors often are, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding—Mr. Veiller gave the youngster a chance in a picture. And he made good. And that's how Stanley ate his way to Fame.



He begs Alice Lake for a cookie.



He and Alice are pals, too.

## Stars of Tomorrow

Walter Hiers, "the Georgia Peach"

By Margaret Maurice

A BIG star, a very large star, say the astronomers of pantomimeland, is about to appear in the film-firmament. Walter Hiers, the whisperers hint, is destined to become a certain comedian's successor at the Lasky Studio. Walter says he'd rather achieve fame as himself than as the successor of anybody, though the roles they play on the silver sheet are similar, but if anybody comes around holding out a star contract he won't turn his back.

The folks hereabouts call Walter "the Georgia peach of the screen" and if ever a peach deserved to ripen before an appreciative audience, it's Walter. He is another example of persistency—plus.

When he came to Hollywood a few years back, with the determination to play in the movies, Walter hung around quite a while with nothing left but the determination. Casting directors couldn't "see" him at first—though, goodness knows, how they escaped him I can't understand, for he has been gifted by a benevolent nature with the wherewithal to fill your line of vision. But maybe Walter has gained some since then. Anyway, at last he got his chance by convincing them that he didn't want to play "tomorrow," but "today."

He played at the Goldwyn and other studios before annexing with the Lasky troupe, where, by the way, he is one of the favorites of the "lot." What the public thinks, and what a fellow's



co-workers have to say about him don't always jibe—but all the folks around the Vine Street studio, from Gloria Swanson and Jesse Lasky and Charles Eytan down to the office boy, say Walter's "all to the mustard"—needless to say quoted from the office-factotum, not Gloria. She worded it more elegantly—but they all mean the same.

Walter appeared with Wanda Hawley in a number of domestic comedy-dramas where milk-bottles and perambulators figured prominently; he was Bebe Daniels' swift press-agent in "The Speed Girl"; and now he is eating his way happily to fame in the all-star production of "Is Matrimony a Failure?" He says he cannot answer, being single and in full possession of his heart, but if it includes as many good dinners as they serve in this film it must be a whale of a success!

Walter is a clean, wholesome chap, as funny off the screen as on. He's a fine person to take on a picnic—I believe he could get a smile out of a Pennsylvania censor! "The Bambino," as he is called, swings a wicked monologue and benefit performances feel downright ignored without Walter to hold down the stage with his fun.

Another nice thing about Walter is that he reads my magazine stories, even when they're not about him—I've caught him doing it when he didn't know I was around.

Oh, no question about it, Walter *does* deserve stardom!



Phyllis Haver, of Sennett, as she once was. (She dresses like a slavey now.)



## Bathing Beauty—Retired

By Susan Small

THE old day when daughter was put "into the movies," given a bathing-suit and told "don't go near the water" has passed. A reformation is invading the comic-shop. For those who have not succumbed to the lure of serious drama are dressing all up in the queerest clothes; the idea apparently being to intrigue by suggestion rather than by blaring the trumpet. The bathing-beauty has retired; the chorus chorister is no more. The comedy queen has got herself a new costume. Another "Permanent Institution of Southern California" gone into the discard, wail our Chamber of Commerce chroniclers. Perhaps it was necessary, a part of time's evolution. . . . But what, oh what, will the poor ocean do to attract the tourists?

For the bathing beauty long has been our prize scenic feature. The Vamp, dethroned, reneged and trumped with the reliable bathing-suit, has found herself re-born under a new name, at her old trade in a more attractive guise, giving the tourists ample value for their ticket to California. For the old-time Vamp had it all over the mermaid in the matter of modest covering of

Bebe Daniels, of course, is a star now, but once on a time—!



those assets supposed to be hinted at but not shown. And now comes the startling realization that the oceanic attractions have forsaken the water—and its cloth. They have dressed up! Can you imagine anything so perfectly *immodest*!

"All the world's a comedy," quotes Al Christie. So why confine it to the ocean? His new series includes costume, society, soldier, wedding-farce, immigrant, "kid," and "back-stage" comedies. He is garbing his long-heralded "show-girls" in the quaintest of old costumes ransacked from Grandma's treasure-chest.

No more bathing beauties or chorus knickers for Bobby Vernon. No longer will Bobby swim the sands to a pulchritudinous accompaniment. The ocean has hung out a "To Let" sign, the girls have all dressed up—and Bobby is committing comedy in the name of Sweden. Snub Pollard tends to rural and "cop" comedies. You couldn't sell "Snub" the ocean for ten cents.

Like "Damon" and "Pythias" were Neptune and Sennett—in the old days when the water was wet and bathing-suits did cling. But now the Sennett "lot" is cleaned dry of mermaids. "Oh, liberty, liberty! What crimes are committed in thy name!" The delicate, suggestive orange-blossom beauty of Phyllis Haver is disguising itself in the trappings of a "slavey" or some such character. And Ben Turpin has become a ladies' man! Louise Fazenda, long ago sacrificing her natural good looks for the sake of her comic art, portrays in perfect mirthquakes that type of injured and misunderstood country girlhood; in her caricatures, despite their ludicrousness, there is always a lurking pathos.

Now and then one sees flashes of what the comedy girl is trying to hide. Kathryn McGuire forgot her new role and, from force of habit, posed for some new pictures in a handful of pearls she'd collected from obliging oysters. And I saw some girls over at Christie's, each in a piece of chiffon and a feather, with a little hat—maybe to keep from catching cold.



Above is one of the good old scenes which made the censors see red. Below is one of the new style comedies. Which is better?

No longer do the gentlemen-scribes write reams about the bathing-beauty's gracile curves, undraped in an adorable one-piece. Now, strange to say, our masculine interviewers are discovering that the mermaid's eyes line the sky up for a knockout! She can act! Her "etc. and her etc." has given way to her "repertoire of expressions." Her emotions and acting ability, highly sensitized by her life of charming display, were being trained in a hard school of expression; like a number of other things (two) she had 'em and she soon learned what to do with 'em! But why, you ask, this complete upheaval of tradition? Why the costuming of the Bathing-Beauty Brigade? Well, the trouble was, some of the tourists carried the thing too far. When you give some folks a favor, they want a trading-stamp too!

The real comedy-bather is passé; she has retired from active service. So the next time you, Mrs. Bediamond Tourist, see a bathing beauty lolling invitingly on the sands, don't you think she's a "movie" and in fear whisk the Mister back to Tuscaloosa. Nine times out of ten, it's Tillie, a Los Angeles telephone operator on her day "off," posing to make you think she's Gloria Swanson. For, like Jonah, the bathing-beauty has learned that life is much more quiet and attractive on dry land!



# Animal-Day

By Myrtle Gebhart

**A**NIMALS of the films are coming into their own. It used to be that one saw them only in hair-raising serials, growling unconcernedly over the African veldt or fleeing from all-powerful Man up in the wastes of Alaska, New Jersey. But nowadays the animals are playing more and more prominent parts. Whether it be because directors are recognizing the natural talent of such handsome gentlemen as Joe Martin or whether, as Joe himself seems to think, the humans don't stand up so terribly well beside monkeys, one hesitates to say.

But, whatever the reason, we see on the screen today many domesticated animals. It used to be that they fought. Now they save little children, perform household tasks and take close-ups indifferently. Hollywood apparently has tamed them. Which is more than Hollywood has done to some stars I could mention!

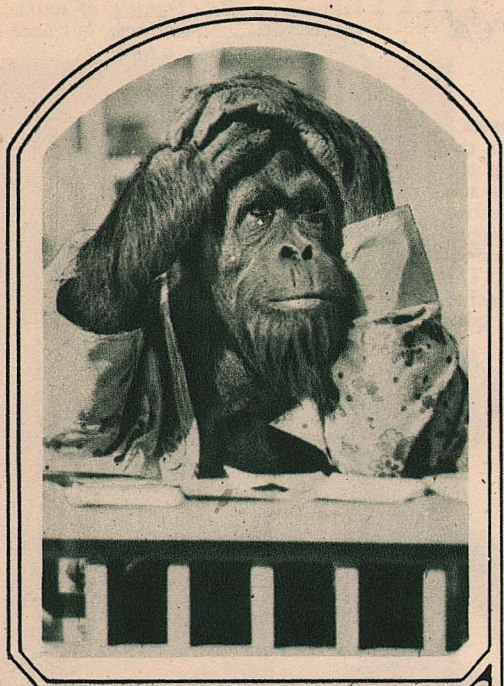
Take Teddy, for instance—the Sennett "Wonder Dog." Teddy is so at home opening doors and carrying things out on the Sennett "lot" that he felt real grieved when they loaned him out—just like a bucket or an ordinary leading-man—to Ruth Roland for some scenes in her serial, "The Timber Queen." But he got real friendly with Ruth and before he left her he was running errands for her outside working hours.

Lloyd "Ham" Hamilton and "Chimes," a clever St. Bernard with three years' screen experience, are making some humorous scenes together. And for the first time, although he has wintered here for ten years, Al G. Barnes is permitting the use of his menagerie in pictures—a Warner Bros. jungle serial. "Snooky" is "big guy" at the Chester Studio these days, though they are using a number of other animals—particularly monkeys—in their comedies. "Laddie" and Baby Jane Hart are being starred by Christie.

Ambrose, a handsome bulldog with a pedigree as long as a railroad ticket from Chicago to Los Angeles, was chosen from among many competitors to pose as the Yale mascot with all the Lasky stars for publicity photographs. He belongs to Clarence Hobart, former tennis champion, and can do a number of tricks, such as jumping high into the air and catching "fly" balls, rescuing a child, smoking a pipe and dancing.

The day I interviewed Joe Martin, Universal's prize orang-outang, he was quite peeved because his trainer had only given him about five quarts of milk already that morning. And how's a guy to work and support a family consisting of one (1) wife and three (3) kiddies when they only feed him about every half-hour? The trainer thought to fool him with a pan of water—and every time Joe would unceremoniously dump it out. Made me think of my very young nephew who used to have a most distressing habit of turning his plate upside-down when it contained nothing of interest to him, wailing, "Dumpy de dish, Maaaa-ma! Dumpy de dish!"

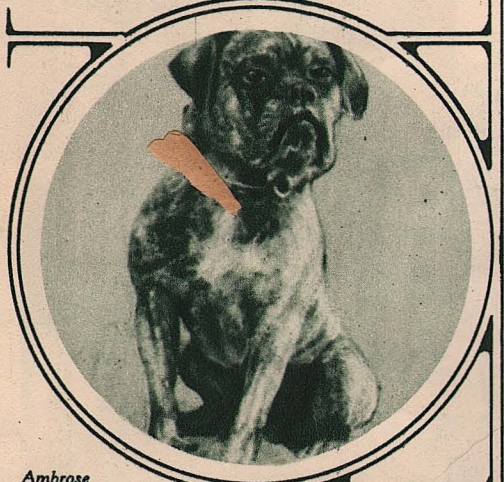
Irvin Willat worked "Freckles," a canine star, awfully hard during his filming of "Partners of the Tide." But just now "Freckles" is in temporary retirement—by the way, that's getting more fashionable every day out here. Last week she stepped forth proudly from under the stage followed by six little Freckles. And the boys around the studio are now calling her "Mary." She will essay another—a "mother role" this time—as soon as she trains her young ones to avoid the temptations of Hollywood.



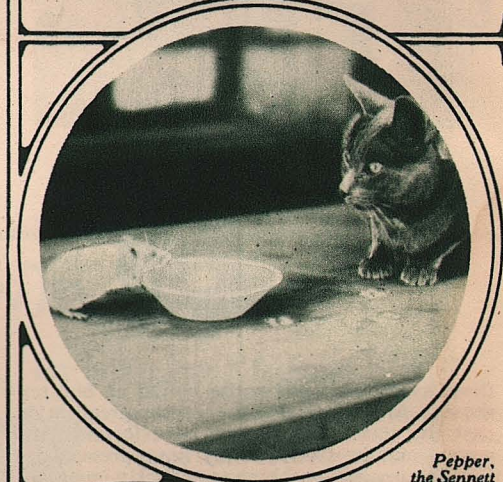
The pensive Joe Martin thinks Darwin was all wrong, after looking over some stars.



Teddy cares for no mash notes; they're beneath his dignity.



Ambrose has a great bag of tricks.



Pepper, the Sennett cat, isn't really as chummy with this rat as she seems.



Pigs is pigs, all right, and well does Louise Fazenda know it.



King Casey is the royal master of Anita Stewart's kennels—also often in one of her casts.



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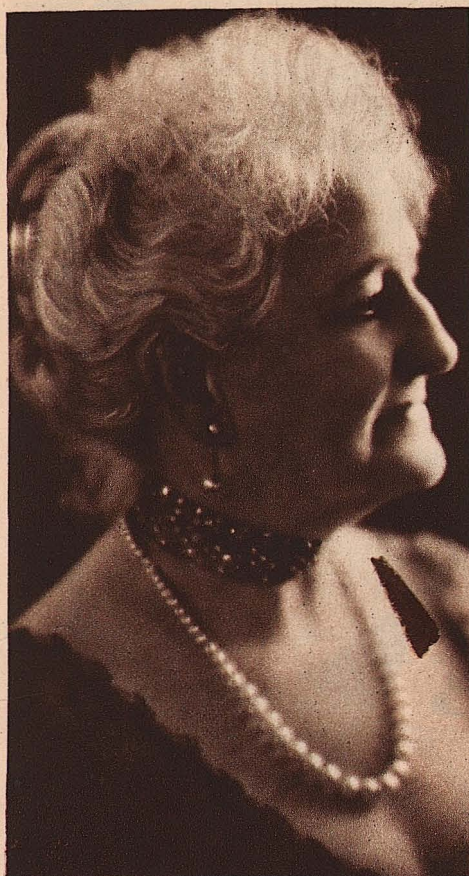
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# The Patrician of the Screen

By Christine Valleau



*She has the profile of a dowager duchess.*

**I**N almost every photoplay there must be one or more sweet, elderly characters. It used to be that many times these roles were played by young people disguised by means of wigs and worry lines; but today, we must have the real thing, not the make-believe.

These elders of filmdom receive very little attention. The charming star has the joy of her voluminous fan mail. The hero is praised and worshiped, but the one who plays the old woman's role—what about her? It is taken for granted she is somebody's mother or grandmother.

The grande dame of the film is exquisite of figure, soft of feature, splendid in her white hair, perfectly gowned, and, as a rule, sympathetic in character. While she may not be of tremendous importance in the picture herself, yet it is of her that we retain the pleasantest memories. She reminds us of sweet old ladies we have known.

Probably of all the grande dames now in motion pictures, none is more highly regarded than Miss Kate Lester of the Goldwyn forces. She is a grande dame of the real type, aristocratic in appearance, soft of voice, cultured and a true artist to her very finger tips.

Not only is Miss Lester a grande dame of the screen, but she is also the grande dame in her private life. Born at Shouldham Thorpe, Norfolk, England, she is able to trace her lineage back in unbroken line for more than five hundred years.

"While I enjoy playing grandes dames, I cannot say that I feel they have satisfied my ambitions," she told me. "I am no longer remembered by any good piece of acting I may do, for grandes dames rarely have any 'big' scenes.

"I find that I am more likely to be remembered by the gowns I wear in a picture, for grandes dames are always stately and always wear beautiful gowns which attract attention, than I am for any particular bit of work."



*She is full of dignity—and kindness, too.*

## The Nifty Knicker

By John W. Patton

**T**HE nifty knicker is going to be all the rage for women to wear this spring and summer.

Since American women got the vote they are pretty independent about choosing their own clothes. Notice how they did *not* follow Paris' edict about long skirts?

Now they have come out strong in favor of the smart, sensible knickerbocker suits for sports and all kinds of outdoor wear. Doris May, star in R-C Pictures, has been wearing the nifty knickers for some time. The suit shown in the picture is especially nice for warm weather as the coat has no sleeves.

"I think knickerbockers are about the nicest things that have happened to women since Mother Eve ate from the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge and condemned us all to skirts," says Doris. "Such a suit is a sensible and decidedly attractive costume. Anyone who enjoys walking, riding, hiking or any kind of outdoor sport knows what a handicap a skirt is, flapping about and getting in the way. I think the reason American women have not indulged more in outdoor exercise up to the last



two or three years has been due to the discomfort of playing in long skirts, high collars, stays and high-heeled shoes.

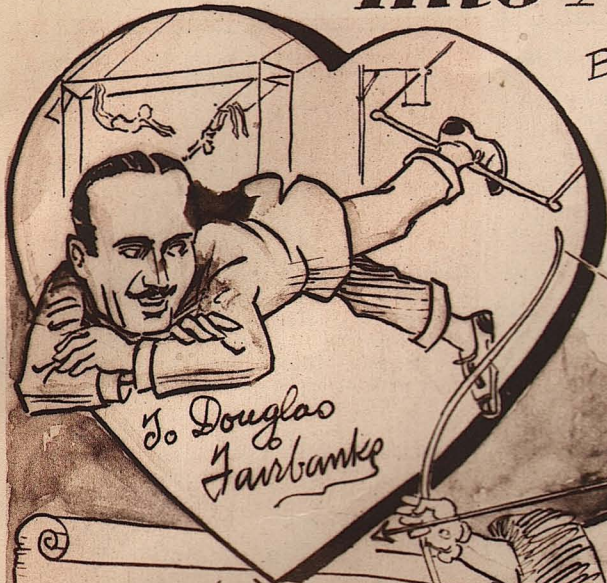
"Knickerbockers, aside from encouraging healthful pastime, are really very modest in spite of what some people may say. They call for plain, tailored sport blouses, soft, untrimmed sports hats and low-heeled, sensible shoes and wool stockings. Out here in the West knickerbockers are quite a common sight and I do not think it will be very long before women of every nation will be adopting them as a regular, every-day costume. At any rate, I'm going to help the good work along by wearing them as often as I can."

And Doris May lives up to her promise. Even in her most recent R-C picture, "Boy Crazy," she wears her favorite style of dress. As tom-boyish "Jackie Cameron," who opens a gents' haberdashery in a small town, Doris appears in a cunning suit of tweed knickers.



# turning a page of Pantomime into A Comic Valentine!!

BY  
FRED R. MORGAN



To Douglas  
Fairbanks

DOUG - YOU'RE SPEEDY  
RIGHT OFF THE BAT  
YOU'RE EITHER AN ACTOR  
OR ACROBAT!  
AND IF YOU FALL DOWN  
IN THE PICTURES, YOU KNOW,  
WIRE CHARLIE RINGLING  
CARE THE "BARNUM" SHOW



To  
D.W. Griffith

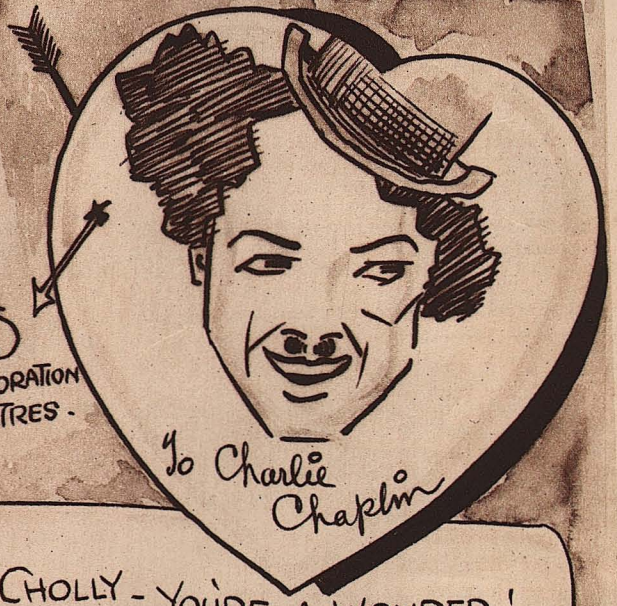
I'VE HEARD THAT YOU'RE  
A TRICKSTER.  
IT ISN'T "ART" AT ALL!  
BUT KID! WHEN YOUR  
"WALLOP" LANDS  
MY GOD! THE TEARS  
DO FALL!



To Corinne  
Griffith

MY BEAU SAW YOU IN A FILM  
THEN COULDN'T SEE ME FOR DUST!  
DEARIE! I HATE TO SEND YOU THIS  
YET - SOMETHING SAYS I MUST!

GLADY'S FILMFAN  
A PERMANENT DECORATION  
IN THE MOVIE THEATRES.



To Charlie  
Chaplin

CHOLLY - YOU'RE A WONDER!  
(SO THEY SAY)  
THE WONDER IS, HOW YOU  
GOT THIS WAY!



## FANDOM NOTES

One thousand feet of canary! And it wasn't a "nature picture," either. But that much film had to grind through Hal Rosson's camera before the little yellow songster would fly out of his cage and record a pretty bit of symbolism for May McAvoy's current picture, which has the working title, "Through a Glass Window." The story is by Olga Printzlau. Major Maurice Campbell directed.

\* \* \*

Bertram Grassby, professional villain who supports Constance Binney in her next picture, "The Sleep Walker," figured up the other day that he has been beaten up forty-two times, thrown off seven cliffs, shot with twelve different kinds of guns and stabbed scores of ways—and all by his best friends!

\* \* \*

The first time a flivver has ever been cast in the role of a "heroic" car occurs in "Across the Continent," Wallace Reid's new star picture, an original by Byron Morgan, by the way.

\* \* \*

Walter Hiers, the heavyweight comedy favorite, who plays an important role in "Is Matrimony a Failure?" a new special comedy directed by James Cruze, says that if they had just one more fat actor or actress in the cast they would call it the "thousand-pound comedy."

\* \* \*

"There's Cts Harlan who must tip the beam at 225," said Walter, " Sylvia Ashton, who is around 210, and your humble servant at 240. That makes 675 pounds. We might throw in the overstuffed sofa and call it a thousand. The sofas and chairs suffer most in the scenes—all the springs are reinforced."

\* \* \*

Roy Byford and Frank Stanmore, who have been cast for important parts in the Paramount picture, "Spanish Jade," while in Seville recently sallied forth on a round of sightseeing. Mr. Byford suggested a visit to the art museum. For some time they wandered around, losing their way. Mr. Byford is proud of his Spanish. He asked the nearest way to the Museo Provincial. Mr. Byford was not so proud of his Spanish when the Museo turned out to be the local police station.

\* \* \*

Married by a preacher stuck in a swamp! Thousands of methods of wedlock have been displayed in motion pictures, but Frank Urson in "Tillie" is said to be the first director to stick his parson in a mud puddle. "The worst thing about it," says Mary Miles Minter, Paramount star, "was that the mud dried during the day and they had to pry the poor fellow out with a two-by-four. Oh—what profanity!"

\* \* \*

Jack Mulhall has just been married in real life. In another week he'll be engaged to another woman. But this engagement will kindle no fires of jealousy—for it will all be part of "The Sleep Walker," in which Mulhall is playing the male lead opposite Constance Binney.

\* \* \*

Gaylord Lloyd is passing around the cigars at the Hal E. Roach Studios in honor of a brand new son, Gaylord Harold Lloyd, born Sunday last. Harold Lloyd is delighted with his nephew and is planning to supervise his namesake's education.

\* \* \*

This is what I caught Walter Hiers singing on the set the other day:

"What was that meat so good and sweet?"  
The Cannibal asked his host. "Twas great!"  
"You're right, it was," the host replied,  
That was a sweet girl grad-u-ate!"

## STUDIO JOTTINGS

By a Staff Correspondent

The cowpunchers, bad men and other western specimens in "Tharon of Lost Valley," which will star Dorothy Dalton, sent in a petition to the latter that they have tea every afternoon at four o'clock. So the obliging Mr. Powell provided the refreshments. It is a really noble sight to witness Clarence Burton, George Field, Frank Campeau and a few other of the villainous-looking crew sipping the fragrant beverage from dainty china cups during moments between scenes. One grizzled old puncher as he drank his tea shook his head mournfully:

"If," he remarked, "some of the boys on the range could see me now they would sure admire to tell me that I was on the road to perdition. I dunno what I'm comin' to!"

\* \* \*

The problem of accuracy in costumes in a motion picture is one which entails much labor, but the research department has real work cut out for it if there is a period scene, as in "The Lane That Had No Turning," in which Agnes Ayres will make her debut as a Paramount star.

The proper attire of Theodore Kosloff, who plays a leading role, that of a young Frenchman filled with enthusiasm for the old traditions of his race, was a case in point.

He couldn't dress in the costume of the old nobility, for the play is modern. Yet, how else could he indicate his predilection for such things?

After much consultation, a compromise was effected on a modern suit of gray, a velvet smoking jacket used in place of the regular coat, and a very ornate fancy vest of brocade made from rare old material in replica of a vest of a good many generations back. The latter gave the desired touch of quaintness. In other scenes he wears a Prince Albert coat, but that fancy vest is his badge, so to speak, of character distinctiveness.

\* \* \*

Danger in motion picture making is not confined to serial thrillers, as the members of the cast and staff of Cecil B. De Mille's "Saturday Night" can testify.

Leatrice Joy and Jack Mower risked their lives in a series of automobile incidents, beginning with a dangerous skid and culminating in a collision between a speeding electric train and a stalled automobile on a high trestle, where the actors hung suspended.

Later all four principals figured in a tenement-house fire in which Conrad Nagel narrowly escaped serious injury and possible death when he dashed through a mass of flames that completely ruined his clothing and severely blistered him.

Edith Roberts suffered a painfully cut knee when she fell on broken glass during this fire episode.

Paul Iribe, art director, fractured several of the small bones in the foot and ankle while superintending production work on location.

\* \* \*

Pauline Garon finds that there are compensations beyond the salary envelope in being selected as the leading lady for Richard Barthelmess in "Sonny." Miss Garon went to the Strand Theatre in New York on the opening night of "Tol'able David," which was Mr. Barthelmess's first picture in which he was starred. The little ingenue was swallowed up by the great crowd that wanted to get into the theatre, which was so great that the doors had to be closed.

"Hold on," she cried, as she saw the ticket taker turning away disappointed patrons. "I want to get in. I'm Mr. Barthelmess's leading lady in his next picture, and I must get in."

"All right," said the ticket taker with a grin, "but you're the nineteenth who has pulled that on me tonight."

## Write the Words for a Song

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## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

In order to insure the editors against the inquiry being a publicity trick, to win extra mention of some particular actor or actress, all questions must be signed by the writer's name and address. This is for our own information and will not be published unless desired. In case a personal answer is desired, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your question. Personal answers will be made the day the query is received. Others will be printed as soon as circumstances permit.

Constant Reader—I am flattered that you find this department sufficiently interesting to be a constant reader. Pearl White is going to make another serial. Her old admirers clamored for another of her thrillers, so she at last consented to give them their heart's wish. I think the title has not been decided upon, but I will let you know as soon as I am informed.

\* \* \*

Cherry—Sydney Fairbrother is an English actress. "Chu Chin Chow," the famous musical comedy, is to be filmed shortly by an English producing company. The scenes will be "shot" in Egypt.

\* \* \*

Letty—Thomas Meighan is the star in "Civilian Clothes." I supposed everyone knew Tommy when they saw him on the screen.

\* \* \*

Pete—Wyndham Standing plays opposite Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Through." I agree with you that Jack Mulhall is one of the screen's best looking leading men. If you lack appreciation for the good looks of our leading actresses and actors, compare them with some of the foreign players, and you will be glad you don't have to look at the "furriners" all the time. Their acting is splendid, but as for looks, they are not "there."

\* \* \*

John C. W.—"Forever" is the title used for the picturization of the Du Maurier novel, "Peter Ibbetson." However, the original title has been used for the New York runs. So, the picture really has two titles.

\* \* \*

Anita L.—Douglas MacLean's next picture will be called "Bell Boy 13." Oh, yes, Douglas is married and has been for several years. His wife is not a motion picture star.

\* \* \*

Colvin—Anita Stewart is working on "Rose o' the Sea." Her leading man is to be her husband, who has recently shifted from managing his wife, of course, professionally, to shine opposite her. This will be Mr. Cameron's first appearance on the screen for five years.

\* \* \*

Fanette—Henry B. Walthall began his stage career at the age of 18. For many years he enjoyed great popularity on the stage. Since his entry into motion pictures, he has figured prominently in pictures for D. W. Griffith, Inc., and others of equal note. The picture on which he is engaged at present is "One Clear Call," a John M. Stahl production.

\* \* \*

Victor—Not "The Man She Married," but "The Woman He Married" is the title of Anita Stewart's newest picture. I can't see that it makes much difference.

\* \* \*

Lilyan—Barbara La Marr played *Milady* in "The Three Musketeers." She has recently been cast for an important role in Katherine MacDonal's picture entitled "Domestic Relations."

\* \* \*

Carlotta—Ralph Graves was married very recently to a New York society girl. When I told you that he was unmarried, it was true. You would dote on catching me mistaken, and, believe me, it would not be very difficult.



# ABOUT THAT \$1,000 CONTEST

---

Letters are pouring into the Editors, asking questions about the proper way to send answers to PANTOMIME'S \$1,000 identification contest, the final series of which was printed in the issue of last week.

*In the first place, you have until March 1 to get your answers to us. All answers must be in our office by that date.*

*Answers must be written on the coupons, with the names opposite the proper numbers.*

*You may send in as many sets of answers as you wish, but each set must be on separate coupons.*

*There were ten series of pictures—which means ten coupons. Eight names to every coupon.*

*If you have missed any of the numbers, they may be gotten by writing to the Circulation Manager, PANTOMIME, 1600 Broadway, New York.*

*If you wish a back number, or extra copies of the magazine to send in an additional set of answers, give the dates of the issues you want, and enclose twelve cents in money or stamps for every copy. The extra two cents is to cover cost of mailing.*

*When you send in your answer coupons, send each set wrapped separately.*

*Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of April 1, 1922.*

*The person identifying the greatest number of pictures in the contest will be given first prize. The person identifying the next greatest number will be given second prize. And so on.*

*In case of ties, the full amount of the proper award will be given to each.*

*Send your own name, occupation and address with your answers.*

*Address your answers to Contest Editor, PANTOMIME, 1600 Broadway, New York City.*

*Read these conditions over again carefully. Unless they are observed, your answers will be thrown out by the Judges.*

*Remember—you may send in as many answers as you wish, but you must have a separate set of coupons for each set of answers. Back numbers at this office for twelve cents each.*

*Remember, finally, that all answers must be in this office by March 1, 1922.*

*You have eighteen more days. Go to it—and Good Luck!*

---

1600 BROADWAY

PANTOMIME

NEW YORK CITY



# *Pantomime*



*Rudolph Valentino*